

SEA YARNS



BEING THE REMINISCENCES OF
CAPT. JOSHUA N. TAYLOR



CAPT. JOSHUA N. TAYLOR, 1915

SEA YARNS

OR

The Log of a Cape Cod Sea Captain

BY CAPT. JOSHUA N. TAYLOR, OF ORLEANS, MASS.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE golden age of the American Merchant Marine has gone and the old-time ships have passed away. Their bones lie on the oceans' bottom, on foreign reefs of islands far away, on the rocky ledges off Cape Horn, or are serving an inglorious fate as coal barges. In our great Civil War many were destroyed by the "Alabama" or other privateers. Their old-time commanders and owners are also gone from the stage of action. But if you will travel down to old Cape Cod you will still find a few of them left, the neat, clean, white houses, giving proof of the fact that they are yet "on deck," and keeping things "ship-shape." The early training of these men was, for the most part, received on the fishermen that went to the Grand Banks, from which they "graduated" into the service of the Merchant Marine.

These little "*Sea Yarns*" are true stories from chapters in my own life, given to my readers as little experiences of a sailor of the old school. The old-time "*Yankee*" skipper was an important factor in placing the American Flag in every known port of the world and in proving the commercial superiority of its men and ships. Those times are now long past, and remain in our minds as remembrances only, of a day when American ships and American men were supreme in the maritime world.

THE SCHOONER PENNSYLVANIA.

My first voyage at sea was on March 25th, 1850. I started out as a big fat boy of eight years and eight months to do the cooking on board the schooner *Pennsylvania*, Captain Tracy Kenney as skipper.

We left home at eight in the morning, loading our bed sacks and bedding onto a team belonging to a man by name of Daniel Higgins, who carried the goods to Suet Creek, West Dennis, Mass. It was a fine morning, and with the crew I trudged along until at twelve we reached the old schooner, which had been hauled up for the winter. The tide was out and she lay on her broad side, looking for all the world like an abandoned old hulk. Nevertheless, I was destined to get the first baptism of old ocean aboard of her, learn some hard lessons, and acquire a love of salt water that would never be lost. The sea has ever been and ever will be a wondrous magnet to many men.

Our bedding and earthly goods were put on board and we proceeded to make things as comfortable as possible. Each one had his little sugar tub with grub enough to last until we reached Boston, where we were going to fit out with salt and provisions for a voyage to the Grand Banks. The stench from bilge water and mustiness, as the vessel had been closed all winter, was something terrible, and the stove and pipe were covered with rust half an inch thick.

The schooner was lying on her port bilge and there was hardly room to stand up, yet late in the afternoon the tide came in and it was more comfortable. The anchors were placed down stream and the vessel was hove off the bank and put down stream alongside a small wharf where our sails and gear were stored in a shed. The men bent sails and rove gear and made ready to start for Boston.

In the meantime I had been cleaning up the cabin, scrubbing the rust from the stove and greasing it. I had no cooking to do, only to make tea and coffee, set each man's tub by his side, when they all fell to and helped themselves. Our plates, knives and forks were of ancient type, tin plates, iron spoons, and knives and forks which had to be constantly scoured with wood ashes to make them presentable.

Salt water had to be used for dish water, and one can imagine how my dish cloths looked washed with salt water soap. While the grease was on the stove I had the fire going, and the companion was full of smoke. Every few moments some one of the boys would shout down to me, "Hi, cookie, your dish cloths are burning on."

On the morning of the third day after leaving home, we dropped down the creek into Barnstable Bay and made sail for Boston.

Oh, my, wasn't I homesick! I was a great mother's boy, and would have given all I possessed could I have been back with her. It seemed cruel to me then, and has many times since, to think that a boy less than nine years old should have to leave home to help support the family. But such were the economic conditions of the times that all were obliged, when families were as large and as poor as mine was, to contribute to the general support. But I was glad to help out all I could, and the call of the deep blue sea was hard to resist. How often had I listened to tales of foreign lands, of smart skippers, and big ships, and at last my chance had come.

My salary was the magnificent sum of forty-five dollars for the season and fifty cents per hundred for every cod fish that I caught. We had a fine run to Boston, and at sundown was alongside the wharf at Chelsea, Mass. There we took on board seventy-five hogsheads of salt to salt the fish we expected to catch. After this was on we pulled the old craft over to Boston and took in our provisions for the trip.

They consisted of barrels of salt pork, beef, a barrel of beans, half a barrel of rice, five barrels of flour and corn meal and a big barrel of molasses to make sweet cake with, as this was a great treat to the fishermen at supper nine days out of ten while on the Grand Banks. We also used the molasses to sweeten our coffee with, as sugar was too costly at that time to feed fishermen.

One afternoon I strode up to Commercial Street with one of the men, who went to a ship chandler's shop to get his fit out of lines and hooks and other little things he wanted for the trip. I waited for him outside. At that time the bow-sprits of the vessels stuck over into what is now Commercial Street, but which at the present time is all filled in. This was my first trip away from home, and I stood staring with open mouth at the sights. At last I commenced to look for my friend, a man named Long, but he had evidently forgotten me and gone back to the schooner. The rush and roar of the great city confused and frightened me, and I was scared half out of my wits. I had forgotten the name of the schooner, and when about in despair and ready to give up I saw a man from Orleans that I knew, a Captain John Gould, and in pitiful tones I told him I was lost. How he laughed, and pointing over his shoulder he said, "There is your old wash tub, Bub; you ought to pick her out of ten thousand," and went along, roaring as he went. And years after, when I thought of that old schooner with the Dutch bows, I have laughed, too, though to me at that time she was a great ship.

Back on board, I started to cook my supper for the now hungry crew. It consisted of boiled potatoes, with fat salt pork scraps, biscuits and chocolate. They ate all of my cream of tartar biscuits, and I had to be content with hard bread for my supper. However, I naturally was looking for compliments on those biscuits, but all I got was a sharp growl from the Captain, who asked me if I had washed my hands before I had made them.

We soon had our stores on board, but were detained in Boston for a few days by a heavy storm with northeast gales. It snowed very heavily, and it was the third of April before we at last made sail and sailed down the channel with a light wind blowing from the westward.

When off Boston Light it began to be very rough, with a heavy ground swell, and it was here that I, for the first and only time during my entire sea life, was seasick. And I certainly was sick! I asked the men to throw me overboard I was so miserable, but they only laughed and made fun of me. Some said, "O, Cookie, take a piece of raw pork and tie it to a string, swallow it and haul it up and down; it's a sure cure."

Mr. Samuel Sherman, who was mate, now came down and drove away my tormentors. He was very kind to me, and I never forgot it. He got the dinner for me and cleared it away, and as we got further down the bay the water got smoother, and before we anchored inside Billingsgate Island at Orleans I was quite myself again. Early that evening I was home again with my folks, and

I had wonderful tales to tell of Boston and of the things I had seen on the trip. In the old days it was the custom to stay in the home port after fitting out for a trip of fishing and to remain there a few days.

We then went to Provincetown and took on fresh water, which was put in barrels, stored in the fore hold and chocked up with wood, which we used to kindle the fire with. We took on at that time about fifty barrels of water.

We then took our departure for the Grand Banks, steering to eastward for a distance of about nine hundred miles, passing north of Sable Island, and running free most of the way by dead reckoning. When the Captain judged himself near the Banks we often sounded with the lead and line, and on the evening of the seventh day out from Cape Cod we baited up our lines and threw them overboard. As soon as the lead struck bottom they had a bite, and the Captain shouted out, "Let go the anchor; we are right on top of them." Sure enough, up came a fine pair of cod-fish weighing about ten pounds each. Down came all sail and we played out about a hundred fathom of cable, made it fast around the windlass, put our riding sail up aft to keep her up to the wind and steady her. We set a big lantern on a pole out aft, and then all went below to make up the anchor watch. We divided up the time from 8 p. m. to 5 a. m., which gives each man the same amount of duty. In the locality of the Banks one encounters a great deal of fog, so much so, in fact, that it is impossible to tell whether the next hour will be fine or clear. It is so thick that at times you can barely see the hand in front of the face, and strict orders were given to keep a sharp look out for sailing ships, and especially for steamers. However, in those days sailing ships were in the great majority, and trade from all ports of the States were bound eastward, and many were those we saw on the Banks. So in foggy weather we kept the fog horn going all the time, and the "Old Man" always slept with one eye open.

On the next morning the deck watch was called, as the fish had commenced to bite in good shape, and five men were heaving them as fast as they could haul them in. Each line had a rig for two hooks, and each man tended two lines. In the deck space between each man was a large deck-kid or box, which was made stationary and had a partition on the inside to separate the fish that each man caught. Each gang fished for two hours, and then the watch was changed.

Then they counted out the number of fish that each man had caught and threw them into the main deck-kid or dressing bin, cleaned their fish and prepared them for the salting process which takes place in the hold of the schooner. One man throated, gutted and took out the cod tongues, placed them on the dressing table for the splitter, who took out the back-bones and threw the fish into a tub to wash out the blood. It was the cook's job to pitch the fish down the hatch-way to the salter in the hold below. The salter was a man well adapted to see that the fish were properly salted and stowed away. And so it goes on, day in and day out, fish for two hours and then change.

The fish usually stop biting as soon as the sun goes down, and after supper is over the Captain opens his log-book and records the tally of each man's catch that day. At the end of the voyage this shows the standing of each man, and the one who catches the most fish is called "high-liner," and is considered a valuable man and is much sought after by the owners, who wish to re-ship the

man for another season. It often happens that a man may be a first class sailor but has not acquired the knack of hooking a fish, and for such a poor fellow the chances of his getting on a crack fishing schooner were small.

On our boat Mr. Samuel Sherman was "high-liner" and had held the record for years and was called "second hand," a position corresponding with that of a mate and next to the Captain in command. The old-time fisherman carried no mate, all authority vesting in the Skipper or Captain. The whole crew were on the same footing, and did practically what they pleased and gave suggestions and advice as freely as they wished. Mr. "Cookie" usually turns out about 2.30 a. m., makes his fire, puts his biscuit in the oven, makes two gallons of coffee, and calls "all hands" at 3.45 for breakfast. The crew tumble out, clothing all on except coat, hat and boots, and how they could eat! And then for the fish again.

On Sunday we did no fishing, had breakfast at 7 a. m., and spent the day in cleaning up and lying around. We used to make about 300 doughnuts for our Sunday morning breakfast, and it was here that my good friend Mr. Sherman came to my rescue and helped me out with the work. He was certainly one true Christian gentleman, a good and kind man. Our Sunday dinner was "salt-horse," or boiled dinner, with a large steamed apple duff of dried apples, and for supper we always had fried mince-pies. I tell you, we lived high!

Our Captain was a very pious man. He was called by those who knew him well "a summer Christian and a winter devil." On Sunday morning he always prayed and read a chapter from the Bible and sang his favorite hymns. His favorite songs were, "A Soldier for Jesus" and "Love and Serve the Lord." I used to snicker, as the Captain had no teeth to speak of, and his voice was very flat and lispy. The name of Lord always sounded like Lard. I often had my ears boxed when the men would say, "Cookie, sing like Captain," and I would put in, in earnest. Then the Captain would cuff me and say, "You sassy thing, I will report you to your mother when we get home." They both belonged to the same church, but I had no reason to fear on that score, as my mother was an earnest and devout Christian, always self-sacrificing, and loved by all who knew her, ever ready and willing to help and see good in everything.

Fishing continued good for several days, and no vessel in sight. We were catching from 1200 to 1800 each day and running a fair size fish until we were obliged to get under way in order to heave overboard our gurry, cod heads and entrails, as our gurry kids were full, and to heave it where we lay would spoil our fishing, as the fish would be "gurry sick," as fishermen call it. We played out our cable, put a large buoy on the end, and stood off to the south about two miles, threw it overboard, returned and picked up our moorings again, and commenced fishing again. Along in May fishing slackened up. I suppose the school had all been caught up. We lay here a week, averaging 500 to 600 daily.

One morning early two sails hove in sight, the first seen since we anchored, except some large ships to the north of us. Well, we were surprised to see that the schooners were from our own town, Orleans, one Captain Alvin Smith in the old schooner Lapwing, and Captain William Sherman in the schooner Stromboly. They were surprised to find that we had nearly half our catch, and felt pretty down in the mouth, for they had in all only 100 quintals, while we had about 400 quintals. The captain came on board and we exchanged news, and

then anchored about half a mile either side of us. They met with no success, however, so only remained there a few days, when we all hove up and started for the Virgin Rock Ground, to the north east, about 100 miles from our old berth, and I think all the crew were glad to get away, for our hands were sore and badly swollen from handling salt and gurry.

When our distance was run up we hauled up jib and eased off fore sheet and hove lines over in about 40 fathoms of water. Lo and behold! no sooner was our lead overboard when we had fish on, fore and aft at the same time. The Captain jumped up and down like mad calling out to let go the anchor. Over she went, and it was only a few moments when sails were furled and the watch had their lines out with fairly good fishing. But we were on a small patch of ground, and every time the tide turned the vessel would swing round and strain, and in this position we could not get a bite, but when she swung round again the fishing was good again.

This was our second berth for three weeks, yet we were compelled to buoy the cable again as before and stand off to heave off our gurry. It was estimated we had about 650 quintals in our hold, our whole capacity being about 850 quintals.

About this time I began to get anxious, possibly it was home-sickness, but I kept asking the Captain, "When are we going to wet our salt?" That was the term we used to show that our salt was used up. To bother me he would say, "About the first of October," but my good friend Mr. Sherman would tell me that July first would find us all cleaned up. In my spare time it was my duty to help him in the hold, where he was at work salting the fish. I used to bring the salt to him in a half bushel measure, and you may be sure that I spilled all of it that I could so the salt would be used up all the sooner and we could be on our way back home. I would ask him if he thought he was getting salt enough on the fish to keep them from turning red, and how he would laugh. I watched the salt bins and prayed that they would soon be emptied. Between cooking and fishing it was a busy time for me, and up to this time I had caught over 1200 head of fish, which meant some extra money for me, as I was to get 50 cents a hundred for all the fish that I caught. My position for fishing was aft over the stern, and up to this time good luck had been with me. At night, when we reported our daily catch, the Captain asked me if all my fish had eyes, but I did not understand what he meant until a loud roar of laughter from the men showed me that he meant to insinuate that I had been cheating in my count. At this I burst into tears, but again Mr. Sherman came to my rescue and soundly berated the Captain for continually picking on me.

After this my cooking was praised up by the Captain and he let me alone, as Mr. Sherman was a man whose words carried much weight. We had fish chowders for supper every night while on the Banks, and you may be sure that the fish was fresh, because scarce one half hour would pass before the fish would be in the pot. The previous winter at home my mother had taught me how to make bread and other things, but some of them I had forgotten, especially in regard to the boiling of rice. On this particular occasion I was ordered to prepare a supper of boiled rice and bean soup. I asked one of the crew about how much rice to use, and he told me to use at least two quarts, which he thought would be plenty, and you may be sure it was. I put it to soak in my big boiler

on the stove, and as it commenced to cook it began to swell and soon ran over on top of the stove. I commenced to shift it into my other kettles, and soon had them all full and the water bucket besides. By this time the joke was known all over the boat, and when the Captain came down he said, "Cookie, are you sure you have saved out enough rice for yourself?" But I answered him right off, "Yes, sir; two buckets full," at which they all had a hearty laugh, but you may be sure that they did not fool me again.

On July 21st, 1850, we had wet all of our salt, and the schooner was laden deep to her scuppers. On this glorious day we were to start for home, and on this day I was just nine years old, but the fact that we were to start for home was celebration enough for me. How many boys of this generation can say that they passed their ninth birthday in such a position? Thankful they should be that times have improved so that such work at so early an age is not often necessary.

We ran our flag to the mast-head, hauled down the trysail and bent on the main-sail and began to heave in the anchor cable. The Captain, with a big pair of mittens on, tends the cable as it comes in around the windlass, and the cook takes in the slack and coils it down around the fore-hatch, quite a job for an able-bodied man to attend to, but boys in those days often were able to do the work of a man. While heaving up the anchor our merry crew sang shanty songs, and when the anchor was up all sail was made and we were off for Cape Cod with a light east wind. The watch was set with two men in each watch of two hours each, and then I began to count the days it would take us to get home. A few days after I heard the Captain say we were in the latitude of Cape Cod, and thought sure we must soon be home, but learned afterwards that although in the latitude of the Cape we were a long ways off from it.

Our homeward journey was a pleasant one, and in about eight days we anchored inside of Billingsgate Island on a fine morning about eight o'clock. One could smell the land and the salt hay, and oh, how beautiful and green the land looked to me! We rowed up into the Town Creek, and each one started to walk to his home. All of my belongings were in a calico pillow case and I was bare-footed, but I ran nearly all the way home, some two miles distant, and never before nor since was I so glad to get back home. I was dirty as a pig, but fat and healthy, and mother laughed and cried over me as she welcomed me home. She brought out the big wash-tub and scrubbed me from head to foot, and when a clean suit was put on I hardly knew myself.

We made a stay of three days, and then took the schooner to Beverly, Mass., where we washed our fish out at a wharf owned by a Mr. Crowell, and prepared the fish for the flakes to have them properly dried.

We then made ready for the fish grounds in Cape Cod Bay to finish out the number of days required in order to get our bounty money which was offered by the State.

Then, when the tide was up, we went into Provincetown and fitted out for Fall mackerel fishing, or otherwise termed, hooking, and went down on the Maine coast, in and out of several harbors, and keeping with the fleet. We made a very successful season of our fall fishing, and the shoresmen cleared something over \$700 to shore—a rich voyage for those days, while I, poor

Cookie, labored and toiled from March 25th to the 23rd of May for the magnificent sum of \$45, together with something like \$15 for extra fish caught.

The Captain was a crafty old soul; he reported to my mother that I was the best boy and best cook he had ever had, but he failed to report to her what a "sassy" boy I was. However, I never liked him, and told mother that never again would I sail under him as cook.

Years have passed on and all my old shipmates who were with me on this, my first experience at sea, have answered the roll call. Our old craft met her fate years ago, and "Cookie" is the only survivor. Although I have passed the allotted "threescore years and ten," I still look back on my first sea trip without regrets. The men of these days were true men, God-fearing and honest and upright in all of their dealings. As seamen they were unequalled or surpassed by none. The training-school of the Grand Banks fisherman was a rough and hard one, but most of the famous American sea captains were apprentices in that school that made it possible for the American Flag to be seen in every port of the commercial world and for the term "Yankee Skipper" to be used in a sense of praise and commendation.

The great Civil War, the introduction of steam and the unwise acts of a National Congress have caused American supremacy in the shipping lines to be destroyed, but it is to be hoped that the future may bring forth a solution of the problem that will once again put American ships under American skippers on old ocean's bosom, and once again send our flag to the uttermost corners of the earth.



VOYAGE ON THE BARQUE SEA BIRD.

(CAPTAIN JOHN TAYLOR, *Master*).

I MADE this trip while in my "teens," and the voyage was out to Cape Town from Boston and return. Our crew consisted of six men and four boys before the mast. The chief officer was a brother of the Captain, Prince Harding Taylor by name, and a man by name of Harding as second mate, all officers hailing from Chatham, Mass.

The Captain had his wife and two children with him, one a boy about seven years of age and the other a babe of eighteen months. The Captain was a big, powerful man, very nervous and always finding fault with someone, or something, and his special trouble was the weather. When it was fine we were going to have a storm, and when it was a fair wind it would not last long, and so on, day in and day out, always in a stir.

Now the Captain happened to be a cousin of mine, and was always pleasant with me, and would often come and chat with me while I had a trick at the wheel. But should any officer or man suddenly make his appearance he would damn me and order me to mind my course and not be star-gazing around, and I would always answer, "Aye, aye, sir."

This always gave the men the idea that I was very harshly treated by him, and they were very ready with sympathies. Although the barque was a small one, not over 450 tons, one would have thought at times that she was a four-deck ship by some of the maneuvers we went through. Every week we had to holy-stone the decks, wash and wipe off the paint-work, and swab up the decks at 7 bells in the morning, when we were supposed to be through cleaning. We would then trim sails fore and aft and the watch would be relieved and go below for breakfast, and we would be off duty until 7 bells, or 11.30 a. m.

Those who were asleep would be called to dinner so as to relieve the other watch at 8 bells, or noon-time. Every other night the starboard watch had from 8 to 12, midnight, and from 4 a. m. to 8 a. m., when we had breakfast. In this way we changed the time and evened things up. At two bells, or five o'clock in the morning, we always commenced to wash down decks and clean things up for the day, except in stormy times, when we were kept at work below or in the deck house.

When nearing the equator, on our outward bound trip, I was at the wheel one morning from eight to ten, and as sailors are always scanning the horizon, I saw a sail coming up from astern and, as is the custom, sang out, "Sail ho!"

The captain said, "Where away?" and I answered, "Dead astern, sir." He then told me to attend to my steering and never mind what was going on astern. In a short time we made her out to be a large, full-rigged ship, coming down on us with all sail set, and with her port studding-sails rigged out. She soon came up to us, going very fast and sailing at least two feet to our one. Instead of passing us under our lea, as is the custom, she hove down her wheel and shot across our port quarter, taking the wind out of our sails, which almost be-calmed us. Our skipper was now boiling mad. She was a beautiful sight, carrying an immense spread of canvas, and her decks crowded with passengers.

He then hailed us, but our captain was so mad that he could only swear and rave at him for an unwashed son of a sea dog. To cap the climax, the big ship's band struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

She proved to be the old American ship "Red Jacket" (sister ship to the famous "Blue Jacket"). She was bound for Melbourne, Australia, and was out of sight in a short time. Our captain continued to rave and swear about the "damned lime-juicer" as long as she was in sight.

Some of our night watches while passing through the tropics were lovely, and one would feel like having something to eat, if he could only have access to the cabin stores.

We soon learned the location of the cook's pantry, and would often explore it when the officer of the deck was not near us, and "appropriate for the good of the watch" whatever tidbits we might run across. The pantry door opened off the main deck from the starboard side, and one man would always watch to see that the officer of the deck remained on the quarter deck, and if he changed his location the signal would be given, and whoever was in the pantry would slide out on the main deck again.

For several nights I did the foraging and my chum kept watch. From the several cupboards in the pantry I would select pie, cake and chicken, and carry them for'ard to the fo-castle, where they would be stowed away and eaten at our leisure. One morning, when I was at the wheel, the first table in the cabin were at breakfast, I heard loud talking between the captain and his brother, the mate. Just before this row, I had heard the captain's wife say, "Steward, bring out some of that cold chicken that was left over from yesterday." The colored steward replied, "Dar is none, dey done eat him all last night." This led the captain to say to his brother, "Eat all you want at the table, but don't be lunching at all hours aboard this ship," and "There is no need of you eating in the night watch, anyway." The conversation became heated, and as the wheel was near the cabin door, I could hear the mate say, "I don't eat in the night-time, and you need not accuse me of being a thief." After a while they cooled down, and when the second mate came to breakfast the captain said to him, "Mr. Harding, eat all you want at the table, but quit cleaning out the pantry at night." This led to another denial from Mr. Harding, and I heard the captain say, "By God, I'll find out the thief."

It was extremely funny, and I could hardly keep from laughing out loud. Later on in the morning, the captain came to me and said, "Have you seen any of the sailors going in the cabin at night time?" Now, I was not a sailor, but had shipped as an ordinary boy, so I replied, "No, sir. I have seen cake crumbs and pieces of pie about, but supposed it was something the steward had given the men, and had I seen any one in the pantry stealing, I would have felt it my duty to have reported it to you." "Well, by God," he said, "I will find out who has been stealing aboard this ship."

Then he called the steward aft and said in my hearing, "Steward, make up a batch of cake and some dried apple pies, and dose them heavy with jalap, which I will get you from the medicine chest." Now, jalap is a very active purgative, and in a strong dose causes free movements, with some pain and griping, so I concluded to say nothing and await results. That night, when all hands were in the fo'cas'le, except the man at the wheel and the lookout, the crew said to

me, "Now, Taylor, get us some pie and cake." I replied, "Not on your life; you will give me away." They all swore strict allegiance, so at midnight I "yaffed" three pies and a loaf of cake from out the steward's pantry, and brought them into the fo'cas'le. It was customary for both watches at midnight to smoke and talk for about half an hour, so all hands set to and cleaned up the stolen grub, which was, as I knew, well dosed with the jalap. I did not eat any, as I told them I had eaten all I wanted, but I made up my mind that there would be a windstorm by daylight.

Sure enough, they commenced to feel the effects of the medicine and were soon grumbling and rubbing their stomachs. I said to them, "Well, it looks like Asiatic cholera, as we are in the tropics, and liable to get these sort of things." At two o'clock the starboard watch were so sick they could not go on duty, and at daylight reported to the captain, who sent for them to come aft.

The captain said, "What hurts you?" They answered, "Pains in the stomach and bowels, sir." "What have you been eating?" was his next question. "Nothing, sir, outside our regular grub," they replied. "You act as if you had taken poison; go forrard, you thieves, now I know who has been stealing my cabin grub." He then called me aft and questioned me sharply, but I was innocence abroad. This ended the "cake walk," and there was nothing missing after that.

The remainder of the outward voyage was very quiet, and we soon came to anchor in the open roadstead at Cape Town, in one of the finest of harbors on the African coast. After discharging cargo, we took on board a cargo of dry and salted hides, sheep-skins, and wool. This kept us in Cape Town about four weeks, and we had ample time to see the place to our hearts' content. The harbor was filled with ships from all parts of the world, and many English warships were there at that time, so there was plenty going on to make things interesting for the sailors.

On our return trip we had pleasant S. E. trade winds, which carried us along to the island of St. Helena, where we stopped for fresh provisions and water, and were given a run ashore to visit the final resting-place of the great Napoleon.

One little incident occurred on the return trip. The captain's little son had a small cart, and as he was up early every morning, would run back and forth on the deck, making plenty of noise and keeping the watch below, who had turned in, from getting their sleep. We had protested to the captain, but of no avail, so we drew lots to see which one of us should dispose of the cart, and it fell to me to do the deed. I afterwards learned that my name had been slyly written on all the slips, so they played it on me anyway, possibly as retribution for my silence in regard to the jalap being put in the pies, which they in some way seemed to attribute to me, although nothing had been said about it.

One very dark night I crept forward to the top-gallant fo'c'sle with the cart, and overboard she went. Next morning there was a big row. Little Johnny couldn't find his cart, and all hands were called aft and questioned, but nobody knew where the cart was. The captain seemed very suspicious of me (probably my guilty conscious, and said, "Now, look here, do you know where that cart is?" Now, the cart by this time was many miles astern of us, so I said, "I couldn't tell the place that cart was in if you gave me a hundred dollars."

The captain was very angry, and ordered the steward to cut out the "duff" and potatoes, and to give us the "duff" twice a week instead of twice a day, as he had been doing. (This "duff" is like dumplings, and filled with raisins, dried apples or currants, is one of the sailors' favorite dishes).

We protested, but it was no use; the captain ordered the store room opened, and overboard went eight barrels of potatoes. The captain was very angry, the crew did not dare to say any more, but I said I would report to the owners when we got to Boston. By good luck we made a rapid run to Boston, and I was detained as ship-keeper.

One day the captain said to me, "Now, Joshua, tell me who hove over that cart?" I said, "Will you hold me harmless and protect me if I tell you who did it?" He said, "Yes, I will, but I would like to know, and you can tell me now that it is all over." So I told him that I did it. He grabbed me by the neck and slatted me around until I thought a stone crusher had run over me, he was so angry, and told me to pack up my bag and get ashore. You may be sure I did, and made for the office of the owner, who was my cousin, and told them the whole story. They all roared with laughter, for the captain was well known for his quick temper. They gave me a note to carry back to the captain, which ordered him to keep me until further orders.

THE YACHT CHARMER.

I TOOK this yacht from Sag Harbor, New York, around to Boston and there fitted her out for the passage to New Zealand, and although this yacht was but 64 tons, we made the record time of 82 days from Boston out to Littleton, New Zealand. After we reached New Zealand the yacht was put under the British flag and her name changed to the "Canterbury" on account of the Civil War, which was then raging in the States. The Confederate privateers had destroyed so much of our shipping that it was necessary to do this if one wished to save his ship from destruction in case he should be overhauled by one of these "licensed pirates."

My crew consisted of three men before the mast, a negro cook and two mates. Second Mate Kenrick and his brother Benjamin, who was before the mast, were both natives of my town. They both left me in 1864 at New Zealand, and remained out there; the mate died in 1906 and the other, I believe, is still living now at Christ Church, New Zealand. As this was my first command and as I was but a boy, I did indeed feel proud, but most anxious. The yacht was built of white oak, copper fastened, drew 13 foot aft and 7 foot forward, and could sail like a bird. It was a bitter cold day in December, in the early sixties, when we cast off our lines from Commercial Wharf, Boston, and started on this long journey of 16,000 miles, across several oceans where beautiful trade-winds blow and where the home reach is a long stretch of 7000 miles in the Southern Sea, where in latitude 50 south, one runs his eastern longitude down. (By "*reach*" we mean the nautical term which means to sail directly on one's course with the wind forward of the beam, usually with the sheets eased off).

In these regions strong gales prevail for ten months in the year from N. West to S. West, and as ships are seldom seen in these Southern latitudes, it makes the passage seem long and dreary. The wonderful bird called the "alba-

tross" makes these regions its home and is ever on the wing, a monarch of the air. We also saw thousands of "penguins," sometimes called the great auk, and one time, when we were obliged to "heave to" on account of the heavy south-east gale, thousands of them rose up from the ocean and covered the water as far as the eye could reach. Our nearest land was then 2000 miles away, so they must have had a long swim, as they can fly but a short distance, having but short, flipper-like wings which are used almost wholly for swimming. The king penguin has a yellow, heart-shaped breast, and while the feathers are short and thick, they are very beautiful. Humboldt, the great naturalist, in his early travels, states that he has seen these birds 3000 miles from their breeding place.

We crossed the equator in 18 days out from Boston, were in the same longitude of the Cape of Good Hope in 40 days, and dropped anchor in New Zealand in 82 days. This was a remarkable trip for a small craft to cover 16,000 miles in that time.

My brother, Captain James P. Taylor, sailed from Boston 60 days before we did, and was 145 days in making the passage, and 135 days was considered a good passage from European ports. The cause of my brother's lengthy trip was due to the fact that he got so far to "leeward," as sailors say, in crossing the equator that he was obliged to beat about Cape St. Roque for nearly 80 days before he got by this point, being detained by a strong N. West current which runs from four to five miles an hour. Such conditions are one of the chief causes of profanity in seafaring men.

I had discharged my outward cargo, which consisted mostly of Yankee notions, brooms, buckets, wheel-barrows, wash-tubs, etc., and Mr. Curtis, the agent, had arranged to send me to Hobart Town for a load of potatoes. A failure of the potato crop had sent the price up to six and eight pence a pound, and there was a good chance for a large profit. Hobart Town was about 1400 miles across from Littleton, and we made the trip without any trouble.

This place was first settled by the English, and after they abandoned Botany Bay as a penal station they moved the prisoners over to Hobart Town. Here they employed the convicts in opening up the country and building roads. Many of these men had been exiled from England for what seemed to me to be trivial offences, such as petty larceny, begging and drunkenness.

One of the convicts I met had received ten years for stealing a penny loaf of bread, and after serving most of his time had been shot in the right leg by the guard in attempting to escape. After suffering for a long time, he was obliged to have it amputated, and after a long time he became one of the leading "ticket-of-leave men" in the place, and went by the name of "One Leg George." He built one of the finest hotels in Hobart, especially for the seafaring men, and kept the place and surrounding gardens in beautiful condition. All of his help were ex-convicts who had been sent out for minor offences, many of them being mere boys, but under the care of "One Leg George" had become good citizens again, and were now making clean records for themselves and a new colony for "Old England." The executive ability of this man was remarkable; he had a most pleasing personality, and was well liked by all the captains who made his place their headquarters. I shall never forget "One Leg George" and his experiences as a proof that, though man may fall, he will rise again.

With our little craft loaded with potatoes in sacks, we left the wharf late one evening, dropped down the bay, and out into the ocean. The ensuing four days and nights will never be forgotten by me or by those who were with me at that time. It blew a terrific gale, all the sail we could carry was the bonnet out of the small square-sail we carried. We put two reefs in this, and when the yard was hoisted up it served to steady her and keep the sea from flooding us from behind. Our decks were constantly filled with water and, heavily laden as she was, it seemed as if she would founder. Not one wink of sleep did I get for over 70 hours, the storm was so fierce, and we reached Littleton Heads in six days, beating the steamer by two days.

In beating up the harbor I passed a ship which I at once recognized as my brother's, so we dropped anchor near-by, furled sails, and went alongside of him in my small boat. The deck officer gruffly hailed us and demanded to know our business, and when I explained to him that I was the captain's brother, he said they had just arrived a few hours ago, and the captain was below and asleep.

I stepped in the cabin and woke him up, and there was great rejoicing. "Have you just arrived from Boston? I never thought your yacht would stand the trip, and had made up my mind you had gone to the bottom of old ocean." When I told him that we had made the trip out from Boston in 82 days, and had already been to Tasmania and return, he laughed and said, "That is a pretty good yarn for Robinson Crusoe to tell." But I finally persuaded him that the so-called "yarn" was true, and you may be sure he was pleased. He was some twelve years older than myself, and was as capable a commander as ever trod a ship's quarter deck, being an expert navigator and handler of ships.

The next day the Littleton Times had quite an article in it about the little yacht and its remarkable trip out from the States, and the meeting of the brothers.

After leaving the sea, my brother went to Chicago, became a broker "On Change," associated with the famous "Old Hutchinson," and for years was a familiar figure in the stock exchange, and was called by all "Captain Jim." On his 83rd birthday he dropped anchor forever, and one more of the old-time American sea-dogs passed on.

While in Littleton the news reached us of the destruction of the "Alabama." I immediately ran up the American flag, and kept it up all that day. I really had no right to do this, as my yacht was under the British flag, but no one offered to molest it. This news created great excitement in New Zealand, as it practically was a forerunner of the downfall of the so-called "Southern Confederacy," and the re-establishment of the Union.

THE YACHT CANTERBURY

(CONTINUED).

WE made several trips in the yacht to different ports in the South Sea Islands, and to south ports in Van Dieman's Land, trading and carrying passengers as the opportunity presented itself.

We now had an interesting experience, as we had entered her in the cup race which was held in the middle island of New Zealand, and was one of the events in that locality.

We were to race against the English mail ketch "Sylph." She was a crack yacht, having been used in carrying the mails to the different islands, and up to this time had never been beaten in a race. We made everything ready; although our suit of sails were of English make and fitted badly, they were adapted to heavy weather, which, should it blow hard, would be in our favor.

The morning of the race came, and with it a heavy wind, and at 10 a. m. we manœuvred around the guardship for position. When we were in line the starting gun was fired and we were off. The course we were to run over was down the harbor to the heads, or entrance, where we were to round a large red buoy, and then run back to the guard ship.

On our first trip around the buoy the Englishman beat us by at least a quarter of a mile, but when we rounded and hauled up against the strong wind, we had him. Now he was obliged to take in his light sails, and even then was making bad weather. These conditions were just what I had been praying for, and on our second tack we crossed his bows about a half mile to windward, and I ordered a broom to be sent aloft and fastened there. I did this as, on our first trip down, he had passed us and when he went by had hung a line over his stern, indicating that he would tow us in, but he had commenced too soon.

We rounded the guardship on our first turn about 20 minutes ahead of him, and the natives were yelling like mad.

About we came and started down the harbor on our last leg, the wind increasing all the time so that we were obliged to reef our mainsail. As we passed the Sylph, not a sound came from them; they knew we had them, and we certainly had them good. On our last leg the waters were covered with white caps, and we pulled down all our headsails as we rounded the guardship for the last time, a winner. I now hoisted the American flag in the fore-mast and set our British ensign over the stern. This was a little cheeky, as I was sailing under the British flag, and the United States were not, at that time, any too popular. The weather was so rough that the Sylph came in with her top-mast and jib-boom both gone and with a crestfallen man as her captain, for it was the first race he had ever lost, and we had beaten him by 55 minutes, corrected time.

When the race had started the betting was 3 to 1 against us, and the captain of the Sylph had himself bet two hundred pounds sterling that he would win. That evening, at the hotel ashore, we were presented with the cup and a flag, a large crowd being present, and dancing and singing being the order of the night.

I was invited to spend that night ashore, with one of my owners, at Christ Church, a little village across the mountains and in the valley of Heathcote. As it was blowing very hard at the time, and as the mate was the only man on board the yacht, I reluctantly accepted, but felt very uneasy about my vessel.

During the night the wind blew a hurricane, and at 5 a. m. I started back to the port. My host had loaned me a saddle horse to cross the mountain with, and when I reached the top and looked down the river, a sad sight met my eyes. The yacht had broken adrift and was alongside of an English brig with her fore-sail partly hoisted. Before I could get a boat to put me aboard, she commenced to move down the harbor.

Then I knew the mate was drunk. We pulled and waved, and she finally came up into the wind and headed for the south side of the harbor. I boarded a ship (the British Empire), whose captain was a friend of mine, and he gave me a long-boat and crew and small hawser, and we crossed over to head the schooner off, shouting to the mate to drop the anchor and ease off his sheet. But it was of no avail. We pulled alongside just as he hove the wheel down, and, drifting on the rocks, we dropped anchor, but too late, for in twenty minutes her keel was out, masts gone, and she was bottom up in the surf on the rocks.

Thus ended the life of the Yankee yacht Charmer, or Canterbury, as she was re-christened under the British flag. It was a sad day for me, as I had spent nearly two years on her, making many record trips, and paying for her several times over.

During my voyages among these islands I met many of the native Maori or aboriginal Indians, and had much to do with them in my trading. They are a Polynesian people with some Melanesian mixture. They are of vigorous and athletic frame, tall stature, and pleasing features, and are among the bravest and most war-like of men. They were great wood-carvers, and had the art of tatooing down to a science. Formerly inveterate cannibals, they are now civilized citizens.

The English had many hard fights with them, but they were finally overpowered, the skirmishing lasting up to 1875. They raised many cattle and sheep, and many of them went in whaling ships.

The islands of New Zealand are among the most valuable of the British possessions, and are immensely wealthy in natural resources. The gold mines of Otago drew many American adventurers, who became very wealthy. I shall never forget those beautiful islands nor my boyhood experiences there in the old sea days.

CRUISE ON THE CLIPPER SHIP BLUE JACKET.

Now that the Canterbury was gone, I decided to go to the gold mines of Otago and try my luck as a gold miner. But fate had decided otherwise for me. Captain White of the clipper ship Blue Jacket called for me at the hotel one morning and offered me the berth of sailing master on the Blue Jacket at twenty-five pounds a month. They were short of officers, and as the ship was about loaded and ready to sail for London, I took his offer.

We were about ten days getting things in shape, and early one morning we hove up anchor and shaped our course for the long run to Cape Horn. A heavy southwest gale followed us for several days, and running our eastern down, we averaged 20 knots an hour at times, with all sail set. At times our patent log even showed 23 knots an hour. This may seem almost incredible, but the American ship James Baines at one time made an equal record.

After leaving New Zealand we had strong S. West gales, which carried us well east until we rounded Cape Horn and hauled up to Norrard. We had, up to this time, averaged 384 miles a day, beating all records ever made by a sailing ship up to that time.

The Blue Jacket was an American built ship, formerly owned by Isaac Taylor, of Boston, and built by Robert E. Jackson, of East Boston. On her maiden voyage across to Liverpool she made the trip in eleven days, out of which they were hove to for 36 hours to avoid ice on the Grand Banks.

She was sold to an English firm, and her owners made a handsome profit. Now they put her on the Australian Packet Service, carrying mail and passengers, and she seldom varied five days on either outward or inward trips from the 65 days, which was a record passage.

My commanding officer was James White, born in Ireland, a man of great ability, who had run away to sea when a boy, and had been rapidly promoted.

He was a large man, weighing over 200 pounds and standing over six feet in height, and when he gave orders everyone jumped. He is said to have been paid the highest wages of any sea captain sailing out of a European port.

We crossed the equator on our 42nd day out from New Zealand, and docked in the East India Docks at London in 63 days, a "lightning" passage. Captain White was a great man to carry all sail, and one incident occurred on this trip which will show some of his characteristics.

One night at sundown a stiff gale was blowing and he ordered me to take in the main top-gallant skysail and royals, and these had no apparent effect in reducing her speed. He told me that he had never taken a top-sail off of her while at sea.

My watch on deck was from 8 bells in the afternoon to 8 bells at night, and again at 8 bells the next morning for four hours more, being relieved by the third officer at meal time. During that night I heard the captain tell the chief mate, a Scotchman, by name of Craig, not to take any sail off the ship unless he called him on deck.

The ship was equipped with a powerful steering gear with double wheels, and under ordinary conditions one man and a boy could handle her. But this night we had four men, two at each wheel, as a heavy sea was running and the wind was quartering, and even then she would often get away from them and broach to. It required all their strength to get the wheels over so she would pay off on her course.

At 4 a. m. I came on deck and relieved the officer, who said, "My God, if the captain don't take off some of this sail he'll have the masts out of her." A little after one bell we had a frightful squall strike us. The night was as black as ink, and at times the sharp lightning would blind one. I ran below and saw that the barometer had fallen, and calling for Captain White to come on deck, ran up the after companion-way on to the deck.

No sooner had I reached the deck than a fearful squall struck us and the rain fell in torrents and the ship fell rapidly off her course. I yelled out to let go the top-gallant halyards, fore and aft, and then she payed off on her course again. By this time the captain had reached the deck, and oh! how he jawed me for lowering those top-gallant sails. I immediately ordered them hoisted again, and inside of ten minutes she had the best of the helmsmen and came to several points before she answered her wheel. An old comber of a sea now struck her on the quarter, and tons of water flooded the decks, burst through the after companion-way doors, and the water rushed into our main saloon,

filling it two feet deep. Then the passengers commenced to yell, "We are sinking." They were soon pacified, however, and returned to their berths. In the meantime Captain White had ordered the top-gallant sails down and the ship was riding easier. I had felt pretty badly over the blowing up the captain had given me, but he now stretched out his hand to me and said, "Accept my apology, Mr. Taylor; you were all right, and the drinks are on me."

Well, Captain White made his last voyage in the old Blue Jacket in the early seventies from Melbourne, Australia, with a valuable cargo and many passengers and a large shipment of gold. Neither the captain nor the ship has ever been heard of since. Some think the crew mutinied, scuttling the ship, killing the passengers and escaping with the gold, who knows? But I never forgot his mania for carrying all sail, no matter how windy, and believe that she was wrecked in mid-ocean after she had become dismantled in some heavy gale, and then went down with all hands. A fitting end for an old sea-dog, but hard for the passengers and crew.

I now had a good opportunity to roam about the great city of London and visit the places of interest. The Crystal Palace was at that time one of the chief centers of attraction, and thousands were visiting the place.

London is and always has been one of the world's greatest centers, and for commerce, crimes, customs and culture has no equal. Other cities that I have visited have had many attractions, but great, dark, gloomy London, with its ever-flowing tide of humanity, always interested me more than any.

I now took passage for America on a small Allan Line steamer for Montreal and came to Boston by rail, putting up at the old Bromfield House, at that time a great place for sea-faring men. Presenting myself at 15 Kilby Street the next morning, where my owners had their offices, I was paid off and ordered home to await further orders.

As I had been out to New Zealand for several years, you may be sure that I was glad enough to be able to get back to the old homestead once again.

Thus ended my little experience on one of the greatest American built sailing ships that was ever launched, and whose sailing records have never been beaten.

THE AMERICAN BARQUE OTAGO.

The barque *Otago* was one of the finest crafts that ever rested a keel on the water. She was of clipper build, had a carrying capacity of about 1500 tons, was an able sea boat, and with a breeze of wind that was suitable to her taste would reel off 15 knots easy.

On my first voyage as captain of this barque we sailed from Boston bound for the East Coast of Africa, via Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Port Natal and other small ports. We had a general cargo with ploughs, hoes, shovels, rakes and other articles too numerous to mention, which were intended for the Dutch farmers or native Boers.

Our voyage out was a pleasant one, making about 58 days to Cape Town and 27 days to the equator. At no time was there more than a wholesail breeze, and nothing special of note took place, with this exception: we never took in a

royal until we hove to and came to our anchorage in the beautiful bay or roadstead. On this voyage, two degrees south of the equator, we sighted what appeared to be a steamer with fore and aft sails set, and bound south.

At 11 a. m. we ran close up under his lee and spoke to him. He said he was from Cardiff, Wales, and was bound for the Heathcote River, on the middle of New Zealand. He had been 100 days out and had a large lee-board out to prevent his vessel from making so much lee drift. He asked me if I would not come aboard, but as we were going ten miles to his one, I tacked ship and headed about north, eased off head-sheets and hove main-topsail aback. We hove over our Yankee dory, which I always carried, and was soon aboard of him. He was much pleased to see me, and although he had drifted along for 100 days seemed reconciled to his fate and fully expected the trip to take him at least 250 days. As I was familiar with the New Zealand group and he had never been there before, I gave him all the information required, and tracked off on his chart for him the course he should pursue, and he was more than grateful. He had his wife and child with him, a gay little girl about ten years old. We had dinner and a glorious old talk; he put out his best, plenty of wine and beer, and at 1.30 p. m. he hoisted signals to our bark to come on. All this time from 11 to 1.30 she had made about seven miles. Her main topsails were braced up and sheets taken in, and about she came like a race horse—a thing of life. She did look so handsome coming down, and seemed to say, “I will show you my heels in a short time.” About 2.15 p. m., according to record, the chief officer, Mr. Harding, brought her to and I went on board, having greatly enjoyed the pleasant change of a visit at sea.

We filled away and passed under the Comet’s lee, saluting him by a rousing good cheer, such as can only be given by a sailor, and bidding him a pleasant bon voyage, and in one hour she was out of sight.

When I left the Comet the captain had given me a large English market basket full of good things: a Yorkshire ham, English cheese, port, brandy and beer, and that night I could not help thinking of that captain and his family wallowing slowly along behind us. At this time foul grass, in some places a foot long, had grown on the vessel’s bottom, and in what a condition she must have been when, in 259 days out from Cardiff, she finally reached New Zealand.

Ten months later I had a letter from the captain saying had it not been for my advice he would never have arrived out, as it had been his intention to make his Eastern or longitude no further south than 35°; instead he went direct to 45°, as I had suggested, and ran his Eastern down in high latitude.

Here in this Southern belt the winds blow eleven months of the year, from West N. W. to West S. W., and in this long stretch of over 7500 miles one seldom ever sees a sail unless overtaking some ship or being overtaken by some ship bound to Australia, or Van Dieman’s Land, or perhaps to New Zealand.

The never-absent companion of the sailor is the albatross, a large bird which often follows a vessel for long distances, and which “Jack” calls the “spirit of a departed sailor.”

The bark Otago reached Cape Town, and after entering at the Custom House and reporting to the consignees, we commenced to discharge that portion of the cargo which was to be landed, some of which had to be transported by bullock trams 300 to 500 miles inland.

To these monstrous trek wagons are attached often some thirty or thirty-six Cape oxen. They are immense fellows and their entire harness is made of trecto, or raw hide. The campers or drivers are often 30 or 40 days on the way, and in the dry season, especially in the Southern summer months, December, January and February, the cattle suffer much for want of water, and travel in the night time and out span in day, so they can feed and water their cattle if they are fortunate enough to find it.

The *Zaro*, or headman, who has charge of the freight, is a native Kaffir; under him are two drivers, one a young Kaffir, who is a leader and who, when they in-span, directs the head yoke. Imagine a picture of 15 yoke of oxen, or thirty in all, strung up to a Crow wagon 30 feet long, a Kaffir boy at the head with the leaders, and the driver with a long bamboo whip in his hand. This whip is a rod 20 feet long, with a whip lash over 80 feet long made of dry hide, attached to the end, and is used in such a way that it will reach, at any time, any of the bullocks.

The Kaffirs are men of great vitality and can endure great hardships, but are at all times most faithful and trustworthy. They can go days without food, and then have a big feast, and it is said that ten men could devour the carcass of a good-sized bullock, and never leave the table until it was all gone. Underneath their wagons they slung their hammocks, made from native jute butts, and their cooking utensils. Their pay, in the early sixties, was a pound sterling a month, and find themselves, with no set hours for duty, and it often happened that they were on the road for forty-eight hours at a time.

Today, rails and the steam engine do in an hour what in the old days took ten.

Before we weigh anchor I will mention my visit to Table Mountain, 8000 feet above the level of the sea. This mountain is usually covered by a thick mist or fog-bank, called by the natives and seamen "Table-cloth," but when it is perfectly clear one can depend on fine weather.

A party of sixteen men and women, led by Guide Wilson, started on our journey up the mountain, by way of the bridal path, at three a. m. We went round the Lion's Rump, then round and round, reaching the top at 8 a. m. Such a wonderful sight I never before witnessed! The ship in the bay looked like a toy vessel, and the town itself was full of tiny houses. The top of the mountain was very flat—called Table-land from the flatness of the surrounding Table Mountain—here is situated a lake, said to be in some places more than 200 fathoms deep, and filled with small thorny fish. We breakfasted and rested here until 11 a. m., and then gradually made our descent, reaching the town at 4.30 p. m., well compensated although weary from our journey.

I went to the end of the Long Pier and, signalling for my boat, was soon on my bark enjoying my evening meal.

We started to get under way; I gave orders to the chief officer to heave short loose top-sails and top-gallant sails, and it was done with a merry good will, as sailors are always glad to reach port and to leave it. While heaving up the anchor, Captain Smith and his crew came on board to assist us in getting under way, a courtesy usually extended in foreign ports by all ships.

The heavens were beaming with stars, a bright moon was shining, and a light wind blowing from the southwest helped to make a lovely night and a still one. Judson, our "Shanty-man," started the crew up to sing the old "Shanty songs," such as "Bonney was a Warrior," "I am going away to leave you," "Santa Anna was a one-legged man," and numerous other songs. The singing was fine, causing large crowds to gather on the pier-heads, and the verandahs of the houses were filled with people.

The first officer shouted, "All away, sir," meaning the anchor was off the bottom, we hoisted jibs and filled away, heading out to the westward, bidding good-bye to Captain Smith, whose boats-crew gave three rousing loud cheers for the old "Otago," who picked up her skirts and started around the Cape for Algoa Bay, about 600 miles away.

At 10 p. m., or four bells by ship time, we tacked ship and ran in to clear the Cape. At this time the wind had changed to north-west, about an eight-knot breeze, which was a fair wind to lead us around the Cape. We made the run to Cape Receme in 78 hours, hauled around to the northward for about ten miles and cast anchors, mooring the ship from east north-east to south-east with "open-horse," as the sailors say. As the east wind comes into this bay and causes a very heavy swell, we adopted this position to make the ship ride easy and take off the strain on chain and windlass. After a gale is over, great care and watchfulness on the part of the officers is necessary so that the slack chain may be hove in or paid out when the wind increases so as to avoid fouling the anchors. The wind often changes several times in twenty-four hours, and if the ship swings around there is much hard work and time lost in clearing the foul chain.

Some of the ships used a long shackle, which saves trouble, but was not considered as safe to ride to, as it did not give an equal strain on each anchor. We now proceeded to enter at the Customs and go through the regular formalities, reporting to Taylor Bros., consignees, who were agents of Isaac Taylor, the ship's owner. While in port I made my stay with them and was royally entertained. Saddle-horses and carriages were placed at my disposal, and we saw much of the country.

Unfavorable weather delayed landing of the cargo, as it was necessary to discharge into large flat-bottomed lighters which could be used only in a fairly smooth sea. A large anchor is placed about 300 feet off shore, to which a hawser is attached and then made fast to one end of the lighter; on the shore end is another anchor fastened to forward end of lighter, and by manipulating these hawsers the lighters are run back and forth and the cargo discharged. Once on shore, the goods are put on the heads and shoulders of the Hottentots, who worked clothed only in a breech-cloth. They work all day long and receive very good pay; at that time they got a half-crown a day, about 62 cents in American money. The Kaffir gang of carriers were kept apart from the Hottentots, as they never mixed. Many of the Hottentots in this neighborhood had attained great wealth as cattle dealers, and came out gaily decked on Sunday afternoons. Having discharged our cargo at Port Elizabeth, we proceeded with fine west wind to Port Natal, E. N. East from our departure. A sand-bar prevented our entering this harbor until part of the cargo was taken off by lighters. Having reduced our cargo till we drew but 12

feet of water, we were now able to get over the sand-bar and proceed up the river. This port is the center for all East African goods, and raw-hide and sheep skins are the principal exports. The Boer farmers bring in their goods in the bullock-wagons, sometimes being thirty days on the road before getting into Port Natal. Here they rest up for a week and enjoy themselves drinking Dutch brandy. Then they load up with household goods and provisions enough to last them until next sheep-shearing season.

Many of the farmers were very wealthy, owing 75,000 head of sheep and cattle, visiting Europe every year, and keeping well posted on market conditions. Game was very abundant, and the farmers were all expert with the rifle. In later years this prowess was well shown in their dealings with the English army. We made the acquaintance of a Mr. Hoffenhimer, who had lost the previous night some twenty head of cattle by a tiger. He had prepared a large cage, baited it with a lamb, and the next morning was rewarded by catching an immense big tiger alive. European zoological gardens paid a big price for these fellows, and the skins were also valuable.

We now put ballast in our barque and returned to Port Elizabeth to load with wool, hides and skins for Boston, Mass. At Natal we had taken on board a Mr. Thompson and wife, who were bound out West to settle, and we now embarked twelve more passengers who were a mixture of Dutch, Irish and Africanders, or native-born whites. These had "made their pile" and were returning to civilization to settle down.

With a good easterly breeze and threatening weather, we got under way, close-hauled by the wind and a heavy swell on. We stood south, hoping to clear Cape Recife, which we did without tacking ship. In fact, it would have been difficult to tack, as we were too near the shore to wear ship. I ordered the lead to be hove, and fully expected to strike bottom every moment. By good luck the wind hauled around and we headed up two points to eastward, and at dark, with the roar of the surf breaking under our lee, we cleared the rock.

Outwardly I showed no nervousness, but I assure you my heart was in my mouth, and it was a happy moment when I shouted, "Hard up your wheel, brace in main and fore yard, and keep her west by south." It was now blowing a living gale, east-north-east, nearly astern, but hauling up the clews of our main-sail, we set the main top-gallant sail and sent up a silent prayer for safe deliverance.

An easterly gale prevailed through the night, and our good ship bowled off 15 knots an hour until 8 a.m. next morning. However, under fore-sail, fore-topsail, main-topsail and main top-gallant sail, she made splendid weather, although there was a very heavy swell from the East.

During the evening the chief officer had very foolishly told the passengers what a narrow escape they had had in rounding Cape Recife, and it had caused considerable uneasiness among them as to their safety, for the wind was blowing fiercely. After I had assured them that there was not the least danger, I got Mrs. Thompson to play a few good old Methodist hymns on the organ, and we all sang until confidence was restored, and all retired saying, "God bless Captain Taylor."

The next morning at eight bells, 8 o'clock a. m., the wind moderated and hauled round to the S. S. East, and all sails were set and we passed the next twenty-four hours in comparative comfort.

The next day we made land about fifty miles to the westward of Cape of Good Hope. Here we passed several Cape fishing boats, fishing for the famous Cape snook. We passed so near that many of the men, thinking we were going to run them down, shouted out to us in their Hottentot language.

At sundown that evening we made Cape Light, distant about eight miles under our starboard lee-bow. With a good south breeze we shaped our course at 8 p. m. for the island of St. Helena, lying directly in the path for all homeward-bound American vessels. A beautiful breeze followed us until we struck the S. E. Trades, in latitude 28° S., and from there we had fine weather until we hauled to close under the land and cast anchor at this island, made famous by the exile of Napoleon. We had been twenty-three days on the voyage from the Capes to the Island, most of the time the sea being like a mill pond it was so smooth. Casting anchor at early daybreak, and so close that our jib-boom touched the rocks, found twenty fathoms of water, and, after breakfast, launched the boats and gave the passengers a day's liberty to visit the island.

The older part of the town was in ruins, caused, strange to say, by the fact that the St. Helena ants had worked their way into the mortar and undermined the foundations. The township is located in the center of the island, and is surrounded by high hills on both sides. On the top of the hill on the northwest side are the English barracks, where several companies of troops are stationed, ready for call to any part of the Cape or British India. The island is also used as the recruiting ground of the invalid soldiers.

We spent most of the day on the southeast side visiting the home of Napoleon, while he was exiled on the island, and the place on the hillside where he was buried, before his body was removed to France.

We returned to the town, and I made purchases of fresh ship stores, green groceries, fowl, and a few sheep, for fresh meat to be used as needed on the voyage home.

At 6 p. m., pretty tired but delighted with our visit to St. Helena, we boarded the ship, and after supper, with sails all aback, we drifted off a piece and squared away on our homeward journey.

We crossed the equator in sight of Cape St. Rourke, and taking the N. E. Trades we made straight course, with yards eased in a little, to 30 degrees north latitude, when the wind headed us off a little to the westward, and passing Cape Hatteras, about thirty degrees off shore. The wind favored us until South Shoal Lightship was made at 10 a. m. We had been fifty-seven days out from Algoa Bay, South Africa, and thirty-four days from St. Helena. After leaving Nantucket Lightship, we shaped our course to clear the shoal ground, and hauled in under the Cape. Fifteen miles off the Cape, the wind hauled to the eastward and it commenced to snow. The barometer commenced to fall, and there was every indication of a nasty night. First it would blow, then a snow squall, then clear a bit. We finally got sight of Race Point Light, and got good cross bearing and at nine o'clock shaped our course for Boston Light. Noting that our patent log was set, I ordered one of our best helmsmen to take the wheel, and the chief

officer to have the anchors off the bow ready to let go at any moment. The wind had commenced to blow N. E. to E. with terrific force, and at times one could not see a ship's length ahead, but with light sails furled, only running under two topsails and jib, the ship bounded along.

I have often thought how imprudent I was to run for port on such a night, yet I had confidence that my course was right, and all hands were on the lookout both port and starboard.

For one instant I at last caught a glimmer of Boston Light on our starboard, and all hands forward shouted, "Light ho, right ahead!" We hove wheel hard down, let sail run, and dropped both anchors, just forty-eight hours from Nantucket Shoals Lightship. Next morning everything was covered with snow, but we took a tug at nine o'clock, and docked at Lewis Wharf at ten o'clock. Later in the day I reported at the office, and the first words that greeted me were, "Foor goodness' sake, Captain, where did you come from and how did you get here?"

LAST VOYAGE OF THE BARQUE OTAGO.

(J. N. TAYLOR, *Master*).

On this voyage we were from New York to the Cape Colonies and different ports on the south and east coasts of Africa.

We sailed from New York on March 18th. 1867, and had pleasant winds and clear weather with fine start, for a good voyage. But the fine weather did not last long. The wind hauled around to the north east and thick weather set in. At noon-time the wind kept hauling to the eastward and increasing, so we shortened sail accordingly and at 2 p. m. there was every prospect of a hurricane.

We now "wore" ship, with her head up to the N. E., close reefed topsails, and hove the ship to. At this time there was a high cross sea and the ship labored heavily, making considerable water. Through the night and up to the noon of the 21st. the heavy gales and high seas increased. It turned out that we were caught in a rotary storm, the wind going around the compass every 24 hours and the barometer very low, 28-15. The sky was dark and the spray flew in all directions and she pounded so much she strained badly and commenced to leak so that we were obliged to pump all the time to keep her free from water.

We had very little sail on her, only 2 lower topsails, and fore-stay-sail, but she rolled badly and shipped tremendous seas. At midnight she made several heavy rolls to windward and all of a sudden on the return roll to the leeward, the strain was so great, it caused 2 of the weather chain-plate bolts to draw out from the side, and slacking, swayed inboard.

We hove up the wheel, braced in and got her round on the starboard tack and put on temporary tackles, but they were of little use, our mainmast head weakened with the strain, and crash, down it came. A heavy flaw now struck us and ripped our topsails and staysails as though they were paper.

At daylight the weather had moderated some so we got up the mainmast head and after a great deal of work fixed up the damage done to the chain

plates. She still rolled fearfully so that we were obliged to drive in new eye-bolts from the inside and then key them up.

On the morning of the 21st. of March, 1867, there was no change in the weather and it looked as if we might have to abandon the ship and take to the boats. The water was gaining on us all the time and the crew were worn out with the tiresome job of pumping, and as I came on deck the whole crowd came rushing aft and their spokesman demanded that I put back to New York, as they were afraid the ship would sink, she was so unseaworthy. I well knew that myself, so at 8 bells we turned the ship's head for New York and had proceeded on that course for about 15 hours, when, as the sailors say, "we were struck butt end foremost." It blew a hurricane from the N.West and we were obliged to run dead before it under bare poles. We now found ourselves back in the same place as we had been before we started back for New York.

Search had been made to find the leak, and aft, in the port run, we found water running in through several seams. These were caulked with oakum and backed up by heavy tarred canvas, until, to our great joy, we had the leak stopped and about 100 strokes to the hour at the pumps seemed to hold it.

At about 8 bells on the morning of the 22nd we saw a wreck under our lee bow, about 8 miles off, with signals of distress hung on the stump of his mizzen-mast, as all his masts had evidently gone by the board. I succeeded in getting a little sail on the Barque, and we bore down on him. About 9 A.M. we made out his signals, which read, "Will you stand by, am in sinking condition?"

Everything was gone from his decks except the stump of his mizzen-mast, to which he had rigged his signals. I came as close as I could to him and made him out to be the British Barque Blond, of Lanely, England, and she was on her beam ends, rolling frightfully. She had left New York with us, bound for Sligo, on the West coast of Ireland with a load of grain, and had been struck by the gale, dismantled, and thrown on her beam ends as the cargo had shifted.

It now began to blow so hard that we were obliged to take off what little sail we had on and let her run under bare poles again. At about 2.30 P.M. we discovered a boat astern of the barque, about a mile under his lee, with six men in her. One big sea now struck the boat and over she went, throwing them all into the water. They managed, however, to reach her and upright her, but had only one oar and a small piece of board left. We now bent on a stout rope to some pieces of boards and payed it out toward them, and by good luck they caught it and we drew them by degrees alongside of us. As we were rolling heavily at the time their boat caught under our rail and again they were all turned into the sea, but we hove ropes to them and they were all pulled aboard, wet and exhausted, and with but little clothing, as they had cast off what they could when they were tipped over the first time.

A long boat had now been launched from the Blonde, and four more men had succeeded in jumping into her, but a big sea had carried them away from the Barque, leaving the captain and mate aboard of her. It took them some time to get back near enough for these two men to jump in and then began the hard task to row to the Otago. The sea was running mountains high, sometimes we could see the boat and then she would disappear as though she were

swallowed up. They reached us at last, just as night came, and they all managed to jump aboard, without the loss of a man.

Now we had 12 extra men to feed and help work the ship, but it seemed as if they had almost jumped from the frying pan into the fire. We fed them all and fitted them out with clothes from the "slop chest," and at midnight I turned in, not to sleep, but to moralize, and wonder how we were going to get out of our troubles.

We carried a cat and a dog and as soon as I was in my bunk they both jumped up close to me, the cat meowing and the dog howling. After a time they both calmed down and I patted them and talked to them and I guess we all felt better.

The crew of the Blonde had been helping at the pumps, but now refused to work any more. I soon settled this by making them sign articles with me at 3 pounds a month. The weather now moderated and I told the crew that as we were nearing the tropics the weather would improve and I should hold the ship on her original course to Cape Town, but if we could not keep the leak down, would put her in the nearest port, which would be far better than going back to New York in a bad season. To this they all agreed but I had already made up my own mind to carry the ship to Cape Town, if she would keep afloat that long.

Things ran along smoothly until we reached 35 degrees south, where we were to "run our eastern down" when some more things happened. At noon-time, aboard ship, we take the sun, and work out the ship's position. On this particular day I had performed that duty, and Capt. Bently, the commander of the ill-fated Blonde, had also worked out our position. The weather was fine and looked as if it would continue, so I went below to take a nap.

I had not been asleep more than half an hour when I awoke and very naturally looked over my head at the telltale compass, which told me whether or not, the man at the wheel had her on the course. I also looked at the barometer, and to my surprise, it had dropped 3/10th.

I ran out on deck and everything seemed pleasant and the barque was running dead before the wind. I looked all around and about 5 degrees above the horizon, I saw a big white mist, increasing rapidly. I sang out, "All hands on deck, and let go all sails and clew up." The officer of the deck looked at me as though I had gone mad, and he afterwards said he thought I had become suddenly insane from the hard strain I had been under since we had left New York. But when I pointed aft at the mist, he understood. We had let go all the halyards we could reach and all hands had got about half the sail off her, when it struck us. It carried away the foreyard, the main top-gallant mast, all the light sails, and flooded the decks with water. It seemed as if she would founder the pressure was so great, but it lasted for only a short time, ending with a terrific downpouring of rain which beat the sea down as smooth as a mill-pond.

I ordered the pumps sounded and the mate reported 12 feet of water in the hold, and said that we would all be on the bottom soon. On closer examination, it seemed that our sounding line had become wet, and after we had chalked the line and tried it again, we found but 18 inches of water, instead

of 12 feet. But what a mess things were in! Some of our braces had parted and everything hung by the "eyelids."

After the excitement was over, we commenced to patch up and save what we could, and found she had been heavily strained. The foremast head was sprung and the bob-stay broken. Lucky for us, the sea was so smooth as to enable us to replace some of our spars, and by evening we had her all pumped out and running on her course under light sail. I now felt that, crippled as we were, if the wind continued westerly, we could make Cape Town, even under jury-masts, if we could keep her afloat, but that was a question.

It now appeared that the ship was so badly wrenched that we had to keep the men at the pumps all the time, and we could not gain on the water. Two or three feet of water stayed in her all the time and we could not pump her clear. However, we reached Cape Town the last of May, and entered the harbor with six feet of water in the hold. Now, the harbor master always directs a ship to her anchorage, and he had pointed out to me where to anchor, but I informed him of our sinking condition, and ran her up on the beach before she sank. Thousands of people watched this unusual scene as we ran her up on the beach. She was condemned and sold for the benefit of the underwriters, and the cargo was so damaged that it brought only two hundred and fifty pounds. Thus ended the final trip of the barque Otago.



Wreck of American Barque "OCTAGO," 1867
Cape Town, Africa

VOYAGE OF THE BARK GEORGE T. KEMP.

THE Kemp was named after Isaac Taylor's agent at Port Elizabeth. The captains of most all sailing vessels were allowed to do a little speculating on the side, and often picked up quite a little pocket money by their various investments. So at Port Elizabeth I had purchased as a bit of speculation one ostrich, one tiger, and a large baboon, a regular man eater and a most vicious animal. I am very fond of all kinds of animals and, strange to say, this baboon took a fancy to me and was quite docile when I was with him. We were homeward bound and were getting into the S. E. trade winds, so we were obliged to chain the baboon down on the main hatch. We put him in a large pen that had been formerly occupied by the pigs and fowl, and strengthened it by placing large iron bars along the sides. A hole was bored in the bottom of the house and the chain mast fast to a ring-bolt and hauled in, which allowed him to just place his arms or forepaws on the edge of the pen. All the sailors were warned to keep away from him, for if they were hurt it was at their own risk. One of the sailors, a big Swede by the name of Swinson, seemed to take delight in getting big Jocko angry, and stirred him up whenever he went past the cage. The baboon would scream, froth at the mouth and bend the bars of the cage in his efforts to get at the sailor. I had cautioned Swinson to keep away and let him alone or he would get hurt, but he only laughed. The after part of the forward house had a main entrance to the starboard and port watches, which was about four feet from the main hatch-house, where big Jocko's quarters were. One fine day at noon-time eight bells were struck and the starboard watch was relieved. Our big Swede thought he would have some fun with the baboon, so he picked up the deck broom and poked it through the cage, handle first. The baboon immediately hauled it in very quickly, but the sailor held fast to the broom instead of letting go, and was drawn rapidly towards the cage.

At that time I was on the quarter-deck, saw Swinson go towards the cage with the broom, and shouted for him to drop it and go about his business. But now there came a horrible scream from both man and beast. The baboon had fastened both of his big tusks in the sailor's throat, and they were locked tight. The crew were now all on deck and things were in a general hubbub. I ran forward, got hold of the baboon's tail, and commenced to twist it up, but as his teeth were locked over and under it did no good. We then put an iron belaying pin in his mouth, cut the skin clear in the man's throat, and in this manner separated the pair. By this time the deck was covered with blood, Swinson was black in the face, and the baboon was about winded, as the pressure of the bars against his own throat had prevented his breathing somewhat. Swinson was now unconscious and we thought him dead, but as we carried him aft he showed some signs of life. His throat was now one mass of clotted blood and was a horrible sight. My knowledge of anatomy was slight, and this was one of my worst experiences in the surgical line aboard ship. We carried a medicine chest, a text book on medicine and one well illustrated book on surgery. The case was supplied with bandages, needles, silk thread and a variety of splints. The mate opened the book of surgery to a place which showed the anatomy of the neck, and we went to work to fix poor Swinson up the best we could. We washed and cleansed the wound and by using plenty of pressure succeeded in checking the constant oozing of blood. I put in some thirty stitches, which

made the wound a little more presentable, but it still looked very nasty. We detailed one of the men to stand by the sailor and keep constant pressure over the bleeding places and to give him all the care he could. The man's neck swelled something horrible and we thought sure he would die, but in three weeks' time he was all right again and on duty. You may be sure he always gave Jocko a wide berth after that, and the baboon never forgot him, either, for he always made the most horrible noises and sounds whenever he saw the sailor. The only thanks we got for looking after Swinson's wounds was a threat to sue both the ship's owners and myself. Proper entries signed by witnesses of the affair had been made in the log-book, so I did not worry, and we never heard anything of the affair after we got ashore.

When we arrived below Boston Light a Captain Cates, who was master of the tug that took us up the harbor, had with him a magnificent bulldog that he thought would be more than a match for anything in the animal line, even a baboon, such was his fierceness and ability to fight. I told him he had better keep the dog away from the baboon, but he laughed and thought his dog could take care of himself. The baboon was chained forward under the top-gallant forecastle, and when Mr. Bulldog saw him he made a rush for him. It was the last rush the poor dog ever made; he was so badly used up before we got him away that he died soon after from the effects of his fight with the baboon.

An agent for a circus, a Mr. Thompson, bought the baboon from me for \$300, so I was well paid for all the trouble he gave me on the trip. We had no trouble with the other animals, and sold them for good prices to representatives zoological gardens. This incident is related to show some of the varied experiences in a sailor's life and how strongly they are fixed in one's mind even many years after.

THE SHIP LITTLETON.

To take charge of the ship Littleton, I was obliged to go overland from Boston to San Francisco. She had recently come from Australia, was partially dismasted, was leaking badly, and her commander, a Captain Beck, was very sick. Instructions were given me by the owners to examine the ship and report as to her condition. This was done and it was estimated that \$20,000 would be the cost of re-fitting her. She was re-caulked, a new copper bottom put on her, and the balance of repairs done by Coombs and Taylor, who were under bonded contract to put everything in shape as per specifications.

I was accompanied on the trip by my cousin, Mrs. Percival, and her two daughters, aged five and seven. Her husband, Captain Freeman Percival, in command of the old New York ship Blue Jacket, trading between Frisco and Puget Sound, had been away from home some years without seeing his family, and had decided to have them go to California to settle.

I think this trip was made during the first week that trains had made through connections from Chicago to San Francisco, and we were on the road seven days.

While the riggers and carpenters were working on the ship, several charters were offered me: grain and flour in sacks to go to Montevideo and Argentine

Republic, and another to go to Queenstown, Ireland, for orders. One morning the king charterer of all the grain ships, a Mr. Friedlander, a German, weighing over three hundred pounds and over six feet in height, sent for me. This man was well versed in his business, sharp, tricky, and as crafty as an Arabian trader. His character was well known, however, and I had been told about him in Cape Town by old Commodore Allen, the port captain.

At this time the Littleton was the only ship in Frisco ready to sail, and there was an urgent demand for flour in Montevideo. Old Friedlander fully intended that a cargo should be sent there at once, but hoped to profit by chartering a ship to Ireland or other European ports. All this was known to me, and as my owners had given me "carte blanche" I was ready to talk business with him and prepared to beat him at his own game. I met Friedlander at his office, and we talked and argued for half a day, but without agreeing on any terms. At last he said, "Well, there are plenty of ships due here, but if you will agree to close charter party today the captain will receive fifty pounds sterling as a gift." We did not close any bargain, however, and I went aboard the ship. An hour after he came down aboard saying he had a telegram to close the charter at once if possible. I told him that my terms were four pounds a ton to any South American ports east of Cape Horn or ports down to the equator, preferring, however, to take European ports at five shillings extra rather than South American ports. The old champion was wild, had never heard of such prices; said he would split the difference and call it three pounds fifteen shillings a ton. I said, "Mr. Friedlander, yesterday you were sure you wanted to sign charter for Europe, and I am willing to sign to that effect, but to any South American ports it is four pounds or nothing. Also, I shall demand thirty running lay-days for discharging cargo, the lay-days to commence twenty-four hours after reporting to consignee, and will give you until tomorrow to accept, as I have several offers to consider. At last he accepted the terms, and I agreed to have the ship ready in a week. The next day all the waterfront had the news that Friedlander had been beaten at his own game by the boy captain of the ship Littleton.

We proceeded to load at once with a cargo of flour in bags. It was a busy time; stevedores, riggers and carpenters all were working at once, and the ship was a regular beehive. My old friend, Commodore Allen, who had come to California in the early fifties, was in the business of a stevedore, and had been most successful and was now handling three-fourths of all the ships that entered Frisco. He was very popular with all the ship masters and entertained them in a royal manner. His carriages and horses were at all times at our disposal, and you may be sure the favor was appreciated.

The drive to the Cliff House was a popular drive at that time, even as it is today, and thousands of people would flock to the Golden Gate on a pleasant afternoon. The house stood on the western promontory of a very big cliff, at the southern entrance of the Golden Gate. There was a beautiful view of the bay and ocean from the verandahs, and one could see sea lions and seals sporting around the rocks. A band was playing on the piazzas, and everywhere men and women were enjoying themselves lunching, drinking, card playing and dancing. It was said that the old proprietor made his thousands. This famous hotel was later destroyed by fire, built up again on a grander scale, and then destroyed again by fire, and when I visited California again in 1908, the ruins

still remained, although there were many places of amusement nearby. At the present time, instead of going to this place by carriage, as we did in '69, one can take the electric right to the Golden Gate, through a country beautifully laid out with streets and beautiful flowers.

The ship had finished loading, and with all fitted aloft we took a tug down to the outer bar, as wind was light from the S. W. Many of my friends, old sea captains, came to see me off, Captain Lunt of the ship *Sacramento*, Captain House of the *Agbar*, Captain Knowles of the ship *Puritan*, and Captain John Taylor of the ship *Imperial*, besides Captain Purdington of the *Westward Ho*. After crossing the bar, the tug came alongside and they all left, bidding us a hearty good-by and a prosperous voyage.

We made sail and stood off on shore on the wind with the port tacks aboard. Pleasant weather followed until we reached the latitude of Cape Horn, about 800 miles to the westward, when thick weather set in and strong winds, increasing to violent gales from W. S. W. to W. N. W. We ran under bare poles for forty-eight hours, no sun, and with terrific seas. At four p. m. on the forty-second day out from Frisco the ship was laboring heavily and the seas were running so high that they broke completely over her stern and filled the decks completely. The only choice was to risk bringing her to on the run, or to founder; all the sail we had on at the time was foresail and lower main topsail. We watched our chance for a smooth time and took in all sail and hove the wheel hard down, and then with the head spanker eased. She came to flying, but unfortunately, when abeam to the sea, an old roller came and we all jumped for the rigging. It struck us full force, filled her fore and aft, and she careened over on starboard side and fairly trembled, her lower starboard yard arms in the water, starboard bulwarks washed away and everything moveable about decks gone.

We finally got her head to the wind on the port tack, yet she lay very badly and shipped much water until we placed a piece of No. 1 canvas in the mizzen rigging. Then she lay easier, but the sea still ran so high that it was like being on a ledge. Our cabin was flooded, trunks and everything moveable was awash and a sorry sight things were. This, I believe, was the only time in my career at sea that I felt the end was nigh. By dead reckoning the great rocky promontory of Cape Horn was not more than 75 miles away, and the heavy gale was blowing us right on to it. There was no indication that the barometer would rise; the night was as black as ink, and things looked very dubious.

About eight bells, at midnight, the gale abated nearly one-half, and, being exhausted from long hours on duty, I went below for a sleep. It seemed scarcely ten minutes when Chief Officer Wessel woke me and said, "Captain Taylor, we are very near land; come right up on deck." It was only too true; the ship was ahead of my reckoning, and the big, dark rocks loomed up dead ahead. Like a flash I sang out, "Hoist up the jib and heave your wheel hard up." The ship answered like a charm, and there on our port quarter rose the high rocky cliffs 1000 feet high, with the breakers dashing up against the sides, and not over a quarter of a mile away. All hands made sail and the ship headed south without any but the deck watch realizing the danger we had been in. Now the land tends more easterly, and with clearing weather we were in a safe position. Good luck had certainly been with us, and I shook the hand of Mate Wessel, whose

watchfulness had saved us from a watery grave. Those who have rounded Cape Horn can more than others realize our danger and narrow escape.

The next day was fine and clear, with a good breeze from the N. West, and with all sail set we headed east, passing Cape Horn inside the islands called the "*Diego Ramirez*." After running an easterly course for a while, we shaped our course for Cape San Antonio, at the mouth of the River Plate.

We arrived safely at Montevideo, anchored as near the city as we could, and reported to my consignee, a Mr. Costello, that I was ready to discharge cargo on the following morning and that my "lay days" would commence from that date. He said, in the old Spanish way, "*Manana, Capitano, Manana*," meaning tomorrow. Now, two barques had arrived just before we did from New York, loaded with flour, so they had plenty and wanted to use our ship as a storehouse until they had disposed of the other cargoes. So our "lay days" expired and they had taken no cargo out of our ship.

I now went to the American consul and reported these facts to him, so he went with me to Mr. Costello and demanded my demurrage as the charter specified, but Costello only laughed, refused to pay, and said it was not the custom of the country. The consul told him he would protect me and would begin to discharge and warehouse the cargo, and the cargo, according to law, would be responsible for freight and demurrage. This brought Mr. Costello to terms, and rather than incur extra expense he paid the demurrage daily. At the end of 17 days I had received my freight money and also \$1700 demurrage, and learned afterwards that it was the first ever paid in that port for years. You may be sure Mr. Costello got sick of seeing me; he could speak no English, and I always greeted him with, "*Bon Diaz, Senor, Manana*," which made him very angry.

We now loaded for Boston with a cargo of wool and hides, which ended most profitably for the owners.



ADVENTURE WITH SEA LIONS.

(SHIP LITTLETON).

ON the voyage from Frisco to Montevideo in the ship Littleton we had an interesting experience with sea lions, and narrowly escaped losing our lives. As we entered the River Plate, on our way up to Montevideo, the wind left us, and as the tide was running out we came to anchor, clewed up the sails, and I went below for a nap. We lay about a mile off shore, and about four o'clock one morning I was awakened by a terrible screeching and bellowing, which I could not account for. It was now nearly daylight, and running up on deck I thought the sounds came from seals. I ordered the dingy to be put over the side, and took with me a Snider rifle and heavy shotgun. We pulled quietly inshore toward an island, which was called Lobos Island. The sun was now fairly up, and I could see what I supposed were seals moving about and completely covering the east side of the island. Pulling carefully, I got within a hundred feet of them when I saw my mistake. They were not seals, but sea lions, belonging to the seal family, but of no value. They were bellowing like a lot of mad bulls, and were big fellows, dark brown in color, and with eyes the size of an apple, I picked out one big fellow about fifty feet above the shore, and fired at him. In a few seconds they had rolled down into the water, every one of them, formed into a perfect line, and came right alongside of the boat. They were fierce-looking devils, with mouths wide open, and kept putting their fore flippers on the gunwale of the boat.

I now began to feel somewhat uneasy, and struck several of them with a long bar of inch iron which lay in the bottom of the boat. They dove down and came up about fifty feet away, handling themselves like a company of soldiers. I now thought the quicker I got back to the ship the better it would be for me. I had taken but a few strokes when on they came again, following in a V-shaped line like a lot of geese.

They quickly surrounded the boat, putting their flippers on the sides and biting the gunwale with their long, sharp teeth. Their weight made the boat rock and take in much water. As fast as I would strike them with the bar, down they would go, only to come up again a short distance away and repeat their tactics. By this time I was nearly exhausted, and called to the ship for help. The chief officer, a Mr. Wessel, afterwards told me that he thought I was fooling and having some fun, so he did not send help. They now attacked the boat fiercer than ever, so I picked up the heavy shotgun and let the old leader have a charge right in the face. Another followed, and he got the same dose. This seemed to sicken them and they turned and swam for the island. Almost exhausted, I got back aboard the ship and found the crowd very anxious to get out and take a crack at them.

The weather was still calm, so we got out the ship's long-boats, put in iron bars, rifles and hooks, and pulled in for the islands again. One of the crew had refused to go, saying that his brother had been killed by sea lions in the China Sea and that they were treacherous animals, but we had nine men in the boat, so felt secure. As they were up on the rocks, sunning themselves, we got the boat in a good position, and I let drive at them with the rifle. The mate shouted out, "You have killed him, captain; see him roll." And sure enough, they all

did roll, but they rolled into the water and came for us in quick time. They tried to climb into the boat, and how we did fight them! I fired the rifle till the barrel was hot; we clubbed, pounded and jabbed them until the sea was red with blood, but still they came on. Two of the men had gotten out a couple of oars, and we slowly pulled away from them back to the ship. I never want to see another sea lion again as long as I live. A breeze coming up, we made sail and went up the river.

TRIP OF THE SHIP LITTLETON FROM MONTEVIDEO TO NEW YORK.

HAVING loaded our cargo of hides and wool at Montevideo, it was now most imperative that we reach New York before the new duties on these articles were imposed. If we could get to an American port before the duties were put on, the owners would be saved a large sum of money.

The usual passage from Montevideo to New York is about 60 days, and we now had less than that time in which to perform the trip. We left port late in the day, with a strong westerly wind which carried us well on our course, averaging 12 knots until we took the S. East Trades. As these were very strong, we were able to cross the equator in 19 days. In sight of Cape St. Roque it became very moderate, with pleasant weather and light, baffling winds, continuing so for six days, which made me feel most uneasy, as we had but 54 days to make the voyage and save the duty.

It was now the month of November, and a winter passage often delays ships for many days even after nearing port. After taking the N. E. Trades, all went well until within 200 miles of port, when we ran into a heavy gale from the N. West, with only 60 hours left to perform the voyage before January 1st, and thus save the duties. I now had almost lost all hope of getting in port, but trusted that we would yet be able to drop anchor within the three-mile limit. At 12 noon on the last day of December we were, by good observations, about one hundred and ninety miles from Sandy Hook. The wind now suddenly veered round to S. S. East; we shook out all reefs, made sail, and by one o'clock she was logging thirteen knots, with the wind very squally and the barometer very low. These conditions were not at all encouraging.

We now had all hands on deck, and at times were obliged to take in all our light sails, and when they passed, up they went again, no time being lost. At two o'clock on the morning of January 1st we made Scotland Lightship, shortened sail and ran in. As I was not acquainted with New York harbor, I intended to run in as far as was safe and drop anchor. The night was very dark and intensely cold, and the barometer suddenly commenced to rise, and in a few moments the ship was taken flat aback, caught by the sudden change.

The wind howled from the N. West, and it seemed as if the masts would go out of her before we were able to change our position. In the meantime a pilot boat ran up under our lee and shouted out, "Hard a-port or you will be on the Shoal." We clewed up all sail in time to avoid the danger, and having taken the pilot on board felt in a measure much safer, yet the wind was piping from the N. West all the time. A large steamer, one of the Knickerbocker tugs,

hailed us for a tow, and said he would take us up for \$350. I offered him \$300, and he dropped alongside to pass us his hawser.

His first question was, "What ship and where from?" When I told him, how he did swear, and said if he had known who we were he would not have taken us up for less than \$1000. He said the owners had sent out tugs for the last few days hoping to pick us up, but we had missed them. We now furled all sail, and at 7 a. m. was at quarantine grounds, and two hours later we were docked. I went at once to the owners' offices at 40 Broadway, and you may be sure there was great rejoicing. And they had good reason to rejoice, for I had saved them over \$50,000 by making the passage and getting in on January 1st. Isaac Taylor, one of the owners, made me a handsome cash present, while the present that Messrs. Vanhagen & Luling gave I will relate later.

I will mention that several ships from South American ports had sailed previous to my departure from Montevideo, and that we had passed a number of them hove to the evening before we arrived in New York. Meeting one of the captains afterwards in the city, a Captain White by name, he said he thought me very foolish to take the chances that I had taken and endanger the lives of my crew and also run the risk of losing the ship and get no thanks for it. I told him I thought life was one big chance, and the devil could take the hindermost.

And now all these captains have passed on and anchored safely in the harbor of last refuge, where there are no chances to be taken and no customs duties to pay.

THE SHIP "DEXTER."

While loading in New York for Frisco, we were obliged to ship a new cook, and because of this fact we had a most lively experience. We shipped a big negro, about 35 years of age, six feet tall, and who weighed about 200 pounds. He boasted of having served on different Californian clipper ships with notorious captains, such as Waterman, Knowles, and other "knock down and drag-out" style of skippers. Having sized me up as young and no doubt inexperienced, he probably concluded that he would have an easy time of it aboard the *Dexter* and "rule the roost," so to speak. After we had been a few days at sea, the steward came to me one morning with complaints to make about our colored cook. He said the cook positively refused to take orders from him, and had delayed him from serving his meals promptly and threatened to kill him if he came into the galley. The steward was somewhat of a timid man, and the cook had frightened him with his immense size and rough stories. I told the steward to go forward to the galley and send the cook aft. In a few moments the cook appeared with an ugly scowl on his still more ugly features and demanded what I wanted of him. I told him what the steward had reported, when he broke out like a madman, saying he would kill the steward or anybody else who interfered with him. In those days most captains went armed, for one could never tell when an emergency would demand the show of firearms for self-protection or to intimidate some tough member of the crew who had run amuck. By this time I thought moral suasion of little use, so whipped out my revolver and told him I was

captain of this ship, and that he should go forward and in the future take his orders from the steward or he would get himself into trouble. His legs shook and he actually turned pale, but he went away without saying anything.

The boatswain, who had stood nearby, had seen and heard all that had taken place, and word soon spread that the "Old Man," as the captain was usually called, had been setting up the negro cook. It appears that up to this time the cook had had all the crew in fear of him, and had been doing about as he pleased. Our ship was unusually well supplied with good food, and we gave the men bread twice a day instead of the customary hard bread, or ships' biscuit. Now, the cook had put this bread out in such vile shape that it was impossible for the crew to eat it, and they hove overboard many a pan of biscuit because of its sour and half-cooked condition. And this entire crew of 25 men had so feared this gigantic negro that they did not dare to report to me the condition of things; but now they immediately sent aft a delegation asking for an interview. I accepted, and they came aft in a mass, bringing with them a kid containing the last batch of bread that the cook had baked for them. I saw at once the unfit condition of the bread, and asked them why they had not reported it before, but the spokesman said they were afraid the cook would poison them, and furthermore that I might approve of the bread he was serving them. I then sent for the cook, showed him the mess in front of all the men, and told him I would see him in the galley the next morning at two bells. The next morning I had a conference with the bo'sun and the third officer, both young and powerful men, telling them to act as my reserve in case we met with trouble when I went to see the cook.

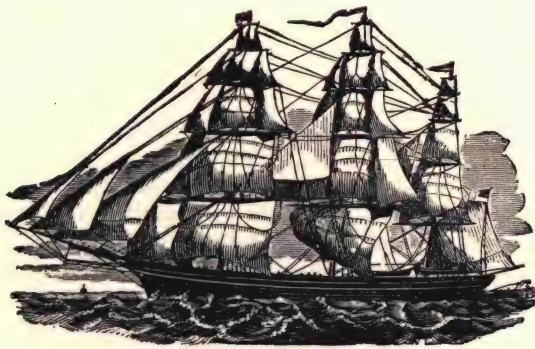
Promptly at two bells I entered the galley by the starboard door and said, "Good morning, Dock" (a term always given to a cook on ship-board). "I have come to inspect your galley." When we left New York the galley had been freshly painted, and was in fine shape, being a large room, with staterooms in the rear for the steward, cook and cabin-boy. I found the paint work very much smoked up.

This was caused by the cook putting wood on top of the coal to hurry up his fire so as to rush his meals along and get them on time. I spoke to the cook and said, "After dinner you clean up this place, and be sure to scrub up that paint." Without warning, he suddenly picked up a big carving knife and sprang at me, yelling for me to get out of the galley, and at the same time making vicious lunges at me with the knife. Jumping aside, I grabbed a saucepan from off the stove, which was full of boiling water, and let him have the contents full in the face. With a blood-curdling yell he dropped the knife, picked up an axe and threw it at me, narrowly grazing my head and sticking in the starboard bulwarks. I then pulled out my pistol, fully intending to shoot him, when he bolted through the port door with a roar of "Murder, murder, the captain's killing me." As he went through the door the bo'sun struck him a heavy blow which knocked him flat. All hands were now on deck eager to have a hand in the fray. As the cook got up, he rushed off to the port side of the ship and gained the poop-deck. Running around the after part of the main deck-house, he ran into the third officer, who went at him hammer and tongs. By this time every man jack of the crew were at him, with fists, boots and belaying pins, and I actually had to show the gun again before they let him go. Such a sight one never saw. The deck, from galley to quarter-deck, was covered with blood,

and Mr. Cook lay unconscious. A couple of buckets of cold sea water soon brought him to his senses, and he cried out, "Don't let them kill me; this nigger got enough." At four bells that afternoon a big hogshead, which we carried on deck, was filled with hot water, and Mr. Cook was asked to get in. Each man helped clean him up, and then as he stepped on deck we sprayed him over with our deck hose. He was then as clean as he ever was in his whole life. His chest and clothes were removed to a small room in the carpenter's shop, a new cook appointed in his place from the crew, and Mr. Negro, cook no longer, was put on the third officer's watch for the rest of the voyage, and he was ever after a most obedient and faithful servant. Peace and harmony reigned throughout the rest of the voyage, and the new cook proved most efficient. When we tied up at the wharf in Frisco our big negro decamped, not even waiting to be paid off, and he was never heard of after. This little incident simply shows how a man of great physical proportions can put fear into those who possess little, and how tame he can be after he has found his master.

The passage from New York had occupied 128 days, and now the ship was discharged and loaded with grain for Europe, and taken in command by Captain John Taylor, for whom she had been built.

I remained in California a short time, visiting my uncle, a Mr. Marshall Martin, who lived but fifteen miles from the big trees. The climate was delightful, but I soon was obliged to return to Frisco to return to my home on Cape Cod. While there, in came the ship Sacramento, Captain Lunt, that had left New York a week ahead of the Dexter, but was some two weeks behind us in getting to Frisco. We came through the Straits of Le Maire, which saved some 200 miles, although it offered a more dangerous passage. Captain Lunt was much chagrined to find himself so badly beaten by a ship that had left port after he had, for he was an able skipper and was famous for his quick runs.



THE BRIG J. L. BOWEN.

The Bowen was built at Quincy, Mass., by Deacon Thomas, and was owned by a syndicate, Captain J. Amesbury being the principal owner. He had been her only and original commander up to the time he was murdered at sea by his colored crew. The story of the murder is fresh in my mind, as I took charge of the Bowen a few days after the captain met his death.

The Bowen was some 300 miles east of New York, bound for Gibraltar and Cadiz. The first officer (a mere boy), nephew of the captain, was ordered to take the anchors in on the top-gallant forecastle and secure them for the voyage. The first officer was inexperienced and, wanting to show his authority, had used abusive and insulting language to the crew. A dispute followed, the crew shouting and crowding about the mate, threatening to do him bodily harm. The captain, who was in his cabin at the time, on hearing the shouts and rush of feet, ran forward to the assistance of his mate, and picked up a hand spike as he ran along. The crew, who claimed they thought they were in danger of their lives, struck the captain with an iron belaying pin, which fractured his skull and caused instant death. This, it seemed, ended the mutiny, but the brig drifted helplessly around for several days, as the mate knew nothing of navigation. They finally hoisted signals of distress, and the German ship *Helvetia*, bound to New York from Europe, sent an officer and men aboard the brig and took her back to New York. She was anchored in the lower bay, libelled, a keeper put on board, and the crew arrested and brought to New York for trial. I was telegraphed for to take charge of the ship, and was present at the trial, which seemed to me the greatest farce that I ever witnessed. The negro crew were treated, not like sinners, but as if they had been sinned against. They were acquitted, probably to renew their munitinous acts on some other poor ship officer. The owners of the Bowen gave bonds, and afterwards the case was settled by giving the libellants \$8000 as salvage.

With new officers and crew I sailed from New York to complete the voyage that had begun so disastrously. In just 18 days from New York we were at anchor at Gibraltar, after a pleasant and uneventful trip. Some of the sailors, who knew the history of the brig, kept voicing the opinion that we were bound to have bad luck, but their superstitious fears were doomed to be disappointed this time.

We now discharged that portion of the cargo which was bound for this place, and proceeded for the final port of discharge, which was Cadiz. It took us but twenty-four hours to run around to this port, as we had strong and favorable winds. There I found instructions from the owners to purchase a cargo of salt and proceed without delay to Boston. As soon as the salt agents found that I was in the market for salt I was deluged with offers, and at much lower prices than my owners had limited me. The American barque *Two Brothers* was in port at this time loading salt for New York, with Mate Pease on board, who was an old Boston boy and was known to me. He introduced me to his commander, who told me to take my time, as I could name my own price, as the salt market was in a demoralized condition. He then introduced me to his agents, Solomon & Sons, Jews, but very honorable men. Through them I bought a full cargo of salt for seven cents a bushel, which gave the brig a good charter, resulting in a prosperous trip for the owners, especially for the

widow of the late Captain Amesbury. He had built the brig to sail on half shares, he to victual and man the brig, pay half the port charges and other bills, and was to receive 5% on gross stock, which, for the round voyage, netted her something like \$2500. We had a quick run across and discharged cargo at East Boston at the Eastern Salt Company's wharf. I now purchased from Mrs. Amesbury all of her interest in the brig, and it turned out a most profitable deal for me.

On this voyage a lady came to me in East Boston, a Mrs. Gurney, and said her son James had the sea-fever very badly, and wanted me to ship him as cabin boy and, if possible, cure him of his illusions of sea life. I told her that I would do my best, and young James was duly installed as cabin boy of the *Bowen*. We found plenty to keep him busy, assisting on deck, keeping the lamps trimmed and making himself generally useful. Oftentimes, as he was not used to this kind of work, our red-and-green side lights would go out at midnight (and often the deck officer would put them out), and then poor "Jim" would be turned out of his warm bunk to trim and replace the ones that had refused to burn. He would rub his eyes, mutter, and cuss the captain, and say that if he ever got foot on shore he would never step on a ship again. He left us at Liverpool and returned home, but his first trip did not break him of his love for sea life. He made many foreign trips, and afterwards commanded the American barque *Bruce Hawkins*, in which ship he became dismantled in mid-ocean and narrowly escaped with his life.

We then went to Charleston, S. C., and up the Ashly River, loaded with phosphate-rock, and sailed to Liverpool with cotton as the balance of cargo. We left Charleston about the middle of December, and strong gales and fair winds drove us along nicely, so that in twenty-one days we were at anchorage in the Mersey River, Liverpool. The barque *Keystone*, Captain Bonny, left Charleston five days ahead of us and arrived three days later. Captain Bonny was a very sad and surprised man when he learned the *Bowen* was already in.

Discharging our cargo at Liverpool, we were chartered to load asphaltum for Port Cette, in the Mediterranean, about thirty miles west of Marseilles. The rate of charter seemed to me to be extra good, yet had I known the character of the cargo I would not have touched it at any price. The stuff was of a light, pitchy nature, and we packed her full from keelson to deck, and yet our draft was that of a light cargo. Our between-deck hatches were left off and we proceeded to sea, beating about the Irish Channel for a week before clearing Land's End, and then fine weather to Bay of Biscay. Now the brig commenced to roll heavily, and it was almost impossible to stand on deck. One fine morning I ordered the main deck hatch to be taken off, and to my great surprise the pitch had melted and settled; not over eighteen inches remained on upper between-decks. That was like a frozen lake, smooth and glassy, and the lower hold was the same, a perfect skating rink. It was a sorry looking sight; most of the cargo had settled to the lower hold, and that was the cause of her rolling so. And as nothing could be done to remedy the matter, we made the best of it for the rest of the trip until we arrived at Cette.

I reported condition of cargo to the consignee. He ordered me to allow no one in the hold until contract had been made with stevedore to discharge, and also ordered me to require deposit of 1000 francs from the stevedore to bind

the contract. This was done, and the hatches lifted off. My, but what a howl went up when they saw the stuff they had contracted to discharge. They offered to give half of forfeit money and give up the job, but the French law was such that we had them, and they were obliged to go ahead. For the next thirty days, early and late, the only sound heard was from the pick-axe force in the hold, toiling to get the stuff out. Men and women worked together, and the pieces were passed out weighing anywhere from ten to fifty pounds. To add to the misery, no fires or lights were allowed on board the ship; all cooking had to be done ashore in a general cook-house, and a dirty, filthy place it was. Then the food was transferred to the ship in a boat, and by the time it was on the table it was cool and unpalatable. I shall never forget C  tte, yet it had one redeeming feature: champagne was only three francs a quart, and I must acknowledge I had my share.

The cargo discharged, we were ordered to proceed to Leghorn, Italy, where we went to load with marble and rags for Baltimore. The day we passed out by the breakwater at C  tte was one of the happiest in my life. The ship was covered with a fine dust from the asphaltum, and we did nothing but clean for the next thirty days to get the ship clean again.

While the ship was loading at Leghorn a trip was made to Pasa, Rome and Florence. The party consisted of three captains and their wives and two single men, one being myself. There were Captain Downs and wife, of the British ship *British Empire*; Captain Hall and wife, of the bark *Valita*; Captain Watts and wife, of a ship from Thomaston, Maine, the name of which I have forgotten. Captain Gardner of the barque *Winged Arrow* and your humble servant of the brig *Bowen* completed the party. We had a beautiful trip, and Captain Downs and his wife, who were well educated, told us about all the historic places and incidents connected with them. The condition of the Italian people at that time (in the early 70's) was pitiable. Scarcely fifteen per cent of the people were able to read or to write, but conditions have somewhat improved since then.

Bidding good-bye to Leghorn, we sailed for Baltimore with several Italian passengers. Fishing was very good, and we caught many barracuda, a beautiful fish, and when properly cooked were fine eating. When off the Balearic Islands, in the Mediterranean, we had several days of calms and light and baffling winds. One morning we discovered a large "Bum-boat" pulling off from the coast. They came alongside loaded with fruits, curios, and wine in kegs and demijohns. With what broken Spanish I had, I gave them to understand that I had nothing but American paper money, and that it would be of no use to them. But they all commenced to shout, "Americana papeleto mucho bueno, change heem at Americana Consuelo," which meant American paper money much good, and they would change it at the American consul's office. So we took about \$90 worth of fruit, wine and other things, and they went off very happy, and off they went toward other outward bound vessels to finish trading. But a guilty conscience bothered me, for I had indeed paid them with "Americano papelita"; I had paid them in Confederate money, which was worth about two cents for a hundred dollars. Well, the next morning about eight bells a guilty man, with glass in hand, I saw a large boat pulled by a crowd of fierce-looking men and aided by large sails coming our way. Every moment they gained on us, and I could hear them shouting, "Americano papelita no good," and then they would curse and swear, and their leader, who stood up in the bow, kept drawing a huge

and hideous-looking knife across his throat. I then realized that we were in serious difficulty, and that we all might be murdered by these men because of my too slick "Yankee" dealings; but a heavy breeze came up (such as is frequently met with in those seas), and we shot ahead of them in spite of their sails and hard rowing. Our long passage home (some forty days) I always attributed to my passing those Southern "shin-plasters" on those poor devils, but consoled myself as best I could with the idea that they had probably stolen their fruit and wine, for they were notorious thieves.

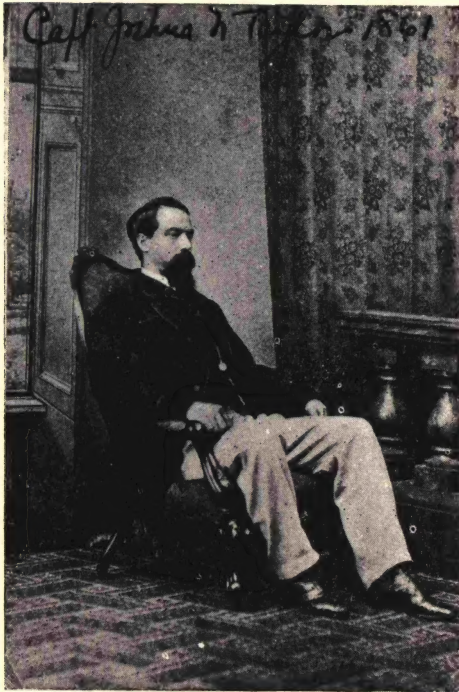
On our arrival at Baltimore, we were chartered to carry coal from Locust Point to Aspinwall for the Pacific Mail S. S. Company, and thence to load cargo of hard pine from Pensacola, Florida, to Philadelphia, one of the best round charters ever made, the profits averaging \$100 a day for the round trip. We loaded the coal at \$8.50 per ton, gold, and were only sixteen days out to Aspinwall, a very quick trip. On arrival, we reported to the agent, and he was glad indeed to get the hard coal. In the harbor there were a number of ships loaded with soft coal, and many had been waiting for weeks to discharge, but at the present time the barque *Sagadahawk*, Captain Geer, was discharging as fast as he could get empty cars from Panama. The head stevedore was a powerful Jamaica negro, a Mr. Williams by name, and a perfect type of gentleman. He at once placed at my disposal a majority of the cars, as our hard coal was in demand. Now, Captain Geer was a most profane man, and you may be sure that when he saw our cargo being unloaded before his was he called the stevedore by every foul name he could lay his tongue to. Yellow fever was raging at this time, and all wanted to get away as soon as possible from this infected port. Three of my crew were taken sick and died in a few days, and were buried ashore. On my bills of lading I had endorsed in red ink that ten tons of coal were to be retained for the ship's use. The brig was built very broad, both forward and aft, so that fifty or eighty tons of coal made but little showing in the hold. The morning that we finished unloading I called Mr. Williams to the hatch-way and asked him if he thought he had left me my ten tons, and he said he was satisfied and stopped unloading. We then pulled off in the stream and took on ballast for our trip across to Pensacola. We shipped new men in place of those who had died with the yellow fever, and was warned by the port physician that we might have more sickness before we finished our trip, and sure enough we did, as four more died and were buried at sea, leaving us barely men enough to work her.

Our passage was a stormy one; head winds and adverse currents so delayed us that we were double the time we should have been on the trip. On arrival at Pensacola, we anchored near the place where we were to load hard pine for Philadelphia. As I went up to the customs house I was asked if we had any coal on board that I wanted to sell. The Southern coal mines had shut down, and ten dollars a ton was offered me. The owner of the wharf where we docked bought the coal, and in addition to the price agreed upon gave us free wharfage while loading. I now learned how profitable it was to always show courtesy to a black man. Back in Aspinwall I had given Mr. Williams, the colored stevedore, the full run of the ship, several cases of champagne, a case of gin, and had treated him as I would any white man. Now when we came to get out the coal, we took out one hundred tons, and for which I was paid one thousand dollars. So my kindness had been repaid ten-fold, and I

thought of the old Scripture passage in regard to casting your bread upon the waters.

We made a fine run around to Philadelphia, and had some trouble with Mr. Whitten, the agent, in regard to my money received from the coal. He claimed half of the money, but as I showed him that it was my grub and liquor that had made it possible, he was entitled legally to only freight on the coal. So we settled it up this way. But the money I received for the coal went very quickly. A churchman in my town borrowed the money, and, tempted by an investment which promised a large rate of interest, he lost it all, and again I thought: in retribution, "Americano papelita no bueno."

We were now chartered for Russia to carry a cargo of oil, and half commission on the charter was given me.





THE VALUE OF A GOOD MOTHER.

I COULD NOT close the pages of this book without the mention of her, whose love has been the guiding star and inspiration throughout my life.

To the boys and girls who are growing up into manhood and womanhood who are destined to become the fathers and mothers of another generation, I would say, "Never forget your mother."

The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him when he needs it most. Man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action.

Often the son or daughter that he has reared with loving kindness may become ungrateful.

But through the rift in the clouds there always shines the silver lining of mother's love.

The one absolutely unselfish friend a man may have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful, is his mother.

And so I have inserted her picture in the pages of this little book, as a tribute to her memory and in the hopes that the mind of the reader may turn back with kindly thoughts to the old fireside, where mother was always queen.

JOSHUA N. TAYLOR.

